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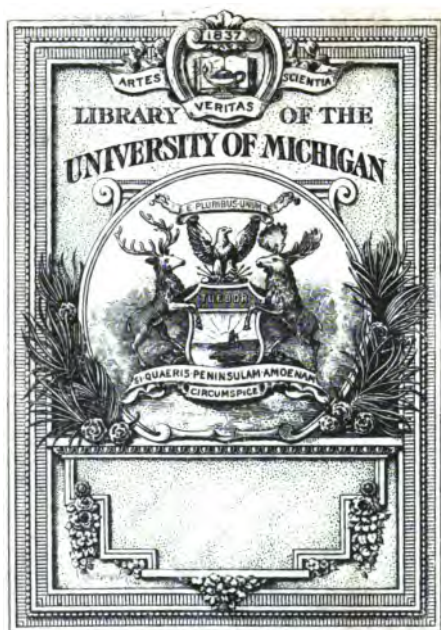
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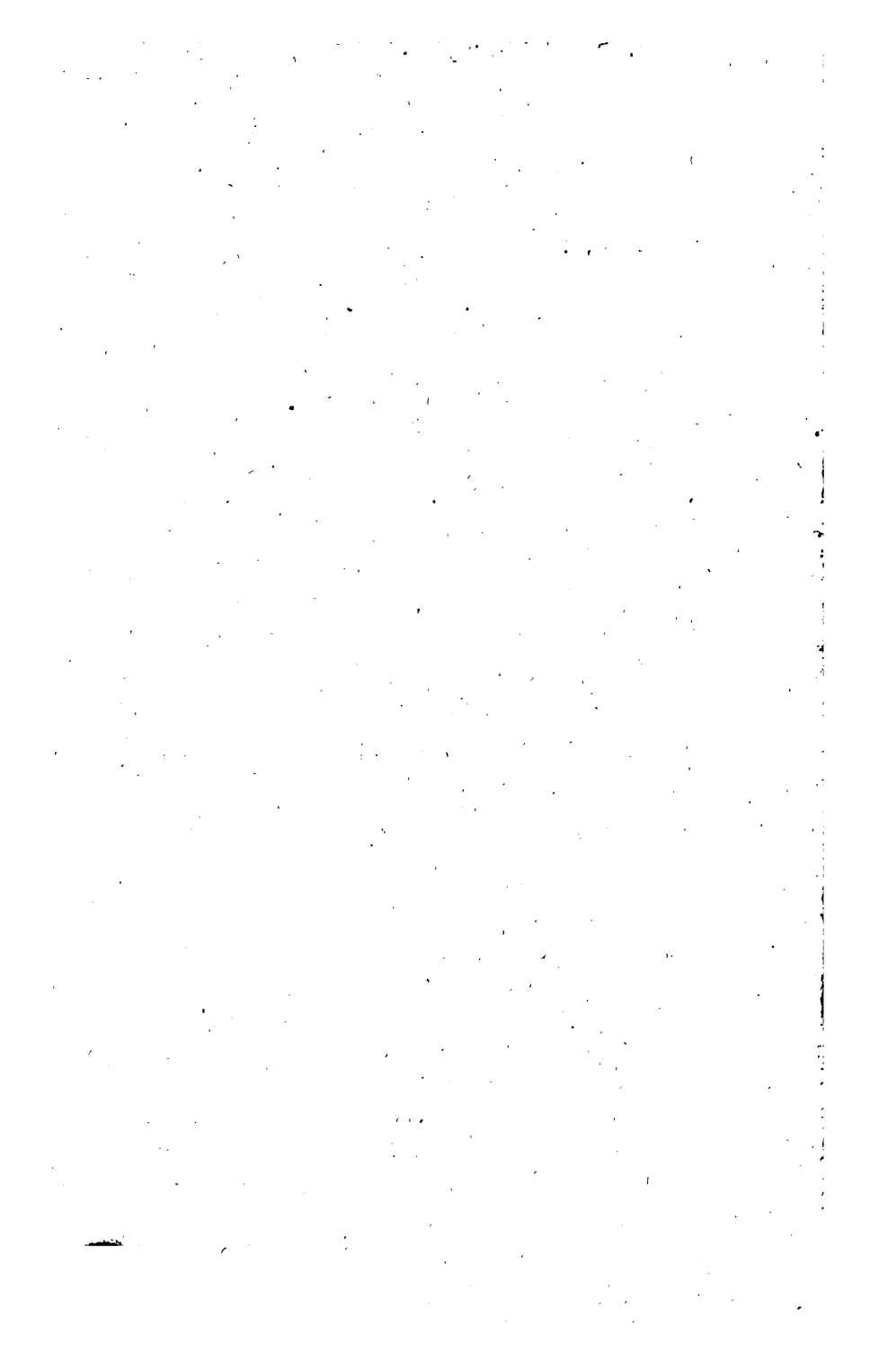
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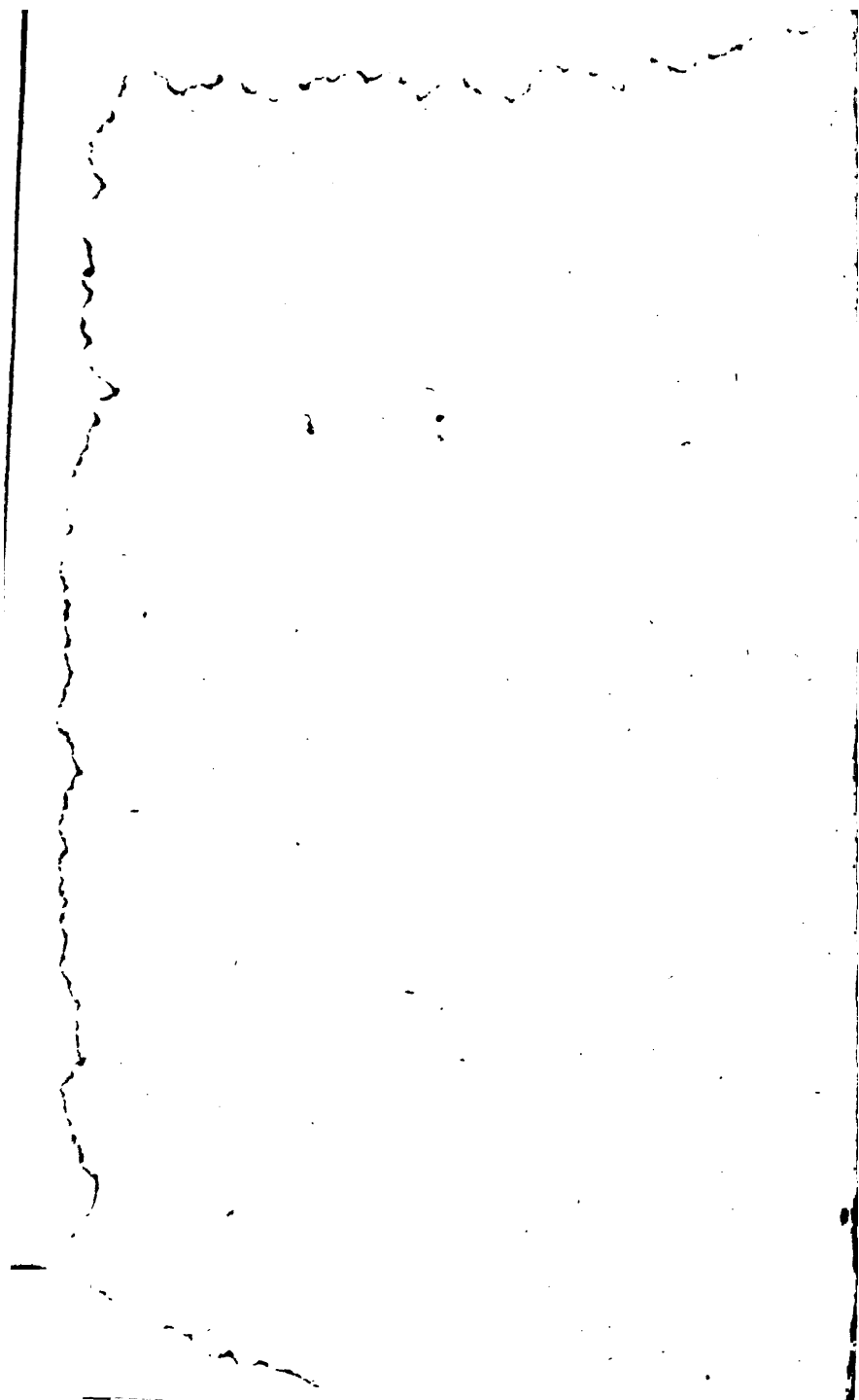


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# BRAMBLETYE HOUSE;

OR,

CAVALIERS AND ROUNDHEADS.

A NOVEL.

BY ONE OF THE

AUTHORS OF THE "REJECTED ADDRESSES."

---

"Now universal England getteth drunk  
For joy that Charles her monarch is restor'd  
And she, that sometime wore a saintly mask,  
The stale grown vizor from her face doth pluck,  
And weareth now a suit of morris-bells,  
With which she jingling goes through all her towns and villages."  
*Lamb's John Woodvil.*

SECOND EDITION.

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# BRAMBLETYE HOUSE.

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## CHAPTER I.

“ Out of my door, you witch ! you hag, you baggage !  
you polecat, you runnion !”

SHAKESPEARE.

IT was on a dark and gusty night of autumn, during the latter years of Oliver Cromwell's Protectorate, that a black covered cart, drawn by two horses of the same sable hue, emerged from the umbrageous recesses of Ashdown forest, which, at that period, nearly extended to the northern extremity of Sussex. It was attended by two armed men, one of whom kept close to the horses' heads, while his companion,

who was about a hundred paces in advance, and was provided with a dark lantern, occasionally directed its narrow stream of light upon the tufts of scattered trees and underwood into which the outskirts of the forest were broken up, earnestly fixed his eye upon them for a minute, and then exclaiming, "all safe!" instantly concealed his light and walked on, when the vehicle advanced to the position which he had quitted. From the darkness of its hue, and its rolling silently over the soft grass, it could neither be seen nor heard, unless by any person who should happen to be in its immediate course, a circumstance little likely in that unfrequented tract of country, and at the hour of midnight. Such, however, was the hazardous nature of their enterprise, that its conductors did not for a moment relax in their precautions, not only peering around them in all directions, as far as their timid light could steal into the darkness, but frequently stopping to



listen. Nothing, however, was to be seen but the trunks of the trees, which, as they caught the faint glare of the lantern, seemed to be stepping forward out of the dense gloom that enshrouded them; and nothing was to be heard but the hoarse rustling of the wind, as it came by fits to agitate the boughs above them, and died away into a distant moaning as it swept the forest behind. Winning their way in this slow and suspicious manner, without a syllable being uttered except the occasional "all safe!" of the leader, they had reached the last glade that bordered upon the open country, when a low whistle was heard ahead of them, and the foremost of the two men halting, and brandishing the weapon with which he was provided, exclaimed in a loud whisper—"Who's there?"—"A friend!" was the reply.—"What's the word?" continued the first speaker.—"Boscobel!" answered the second, and at the same moment a man disclosing himself from

a clump of underwood, exclaimed,—“ You are late, Whittaker. I have been whistling a duet with the wind this half hour, when I might have heard the popping of corks, and have emptied a flagon or two of Gascoigne wine. Who is that with the cart—Nat. Culpepper ?”

“ Ay, ay, Sir John ; that ’s Nat. Culpepper, sure enough, and a steady old file he is. You may advance with the cart, Nat. ; it ’s only Sir John. And as to our being late, I am an old soldier, and after so many night alarms as we have had, while engaged in this ticklish service, you would hardly wish me to hurry forward, when it was your own orders that I should be careful in acting the scout.”

“ Right, old Truepenny !” cried Sir John ; —“ don’t I know you for a sly fox in an ambush, and a fearless dasher in an onset ? But you have had no alarms to-night, my doughty serjeant ; the black ghost has not again crossed

your path, and you have heard no Scriptural ejaculations muttered from the bushes."

"No, Sir John, we have started nothing as we came along but a mottled stag, who dashed away from us as fast as four legs could carry him; and we have seen nothing blacker than the night, which is pitchy enough even for us, who care not how dark it is while we are playing this secret game of neck or nothing."

"Noa, noa, Sir John," cried Culpepper, who had now come up with the cart, and who seemed by his accent to be a north countryman, "I be pratty certain we sha'not see her to-night."

"See *her*!" exclaimed Sir John; "you have made up your mind, then, that 'twas a woman whom we have more than once so strangely encountered in our secret expeditions."

"'Twere a woman's voice, I'll take my Bible oath," cried Culpepper; "and I seed a bit of her black petticoat as she scudded away among

the trees into the thick of the forest.—Dang it ! d'ye think I don't know a woman from a will-o'-the-wisp ?”

“ I marked the figure myself, clearly enough,” continued Sir John, “ and but that the sound of a pistol might have endangered a discovery of our enterprize, and brought all our necks into jeopardy, I would have tried whether the mumbling old Jezabel was as difficult to reach with powder and ball, as with our three pair of legs, which she so easily and so unaccountably distanced. However, I am prepared for her now; I have a cross-bow here, which will bring down its bird without blabbing; and be it hag or hobgoblin, witch or wizard, ghost or gossip, spy or spectre, the devil or the devil's dam, if I can but catch a glimpse of it, I'll have a shot at its hide, and try whether it be made of flesh or flummery.”

“ As to ghosts or goblins,” cried serjeant Whittaker, “ they'll find they have got the

wrong sow by the ear, if they think to frighten e'er a one of us ; but if it 's a spy, we have a right to put him to death by the laws of war ; and I vote for doing so, for if we have not his blood, he will have our's."

"She wo' not venture to show hersel," said Culpepper, "now we be just upon the open fields."

"According to the old adage," replied Sir John, "we should not crow till we are fairly out of the wood ; so we may as well move on as fast as we can, and make for Brambletye House."

"Anathema, maranatha ! A curse light upon it, and upon all its sacrilegious inmates !" ejaculated a sepulchral voice, which seemed to be that of a female, and to proceed from a tangled cluster of underwood immediately upon their right.

"A murrain seize the pestilent jade !" cried Sir John, "there she is again !" and he

instinctively discharged his cross-bow into the brake, whence the sound had appeared to issue. The arrow rattled among the branches, where there was a momentary silence, after which the same hollow and impressive voice ejaculated—  
“Ave Maria! Blessed be our lady of Ashurst! The arrow of the ungodly shall be turned aside.”

Whittaker ran towards the spot with his lantern, directing its light full upon the bushes; and Sir John having drawn his rapier, followed close upon his heels, when, as they approached, a tall thin figure in black, apparently wearing the garb of a woman, was dimly visible, flitting from the covert towards another thicket at a little distance. Animated by the glimpse he had obtained, the impetuous Sir John hurried past his companion, and had just seen the figure glide, as he thought, into the brake before him, when he was suddenly left in total darkness; Whittaker, in the ardour of his pursuit, having stumbled over a root, and extinguished the light.

Guided, however, by what he had already noticed, Sir John leapt fearlessly into the very midst of the tufted underwood, which he imagined the mysterious female to have entered, laying about him vigorously with his rapier, and cursing with no less vehemence the bow that had missed its object, the apparition that defied all their efforts for its apprehension, and the clumsy rascal who had lost the light at the very moment when it might have led to a discovery. After committing fearful devastation among the boughs and branches, he acceded to the request of Whittaker, who had now come up, that they should listen for awhile in silence, as they might perhaps hear the sound of retreating footsteps. They did so, but all was silent as the grave. "Curse her," cried Sir John, "I never heard her foot-fall when I was close upon her track, and it is not likely we should distinguish it when she has had time to make for the forest."

A parley was now held, and as it was deemed useless to make any further attempts at discovery, surrounded as they were by total darkness, and on the immediate verge of a trackless forest, they were unwillingly compelled to rejoin Culpepper and the cart, both declaring that they would rather it should prove to be a supernatural visitant, or even a witch, than any lurking spy, who might have seen or heard enough to compromise their own safety, as well as the success of their perilous undertaking.

“She cannot know whither we are bound, at all events,” exclaimed Sir John, “and she has dogged us no further than the opening of the forest.”

“But you mentioned Brambletye House,” said Whittaker, “and she instantly fired off her usual curses upon its walls, and all within them.”

“Did I?” inquired Sir John; “a pize upon me! I was a fool for my pains; but we must go



the quicker to work, and surprize the enemy, to prevent a surprize upon ourselves; and as for this Jack-o'-lantern's jade, since we cannot catch her, she may e'en go hang herself like Alderman Hoyle, though I must confess I should like to have given her a wipe of my whinyard. —Never fear, my brave boys; we are engaged in a good cause, with good men and true, to back us; so a fico for the lurking old beldame in black, and hey for Brambletye House!"

"Better name no names, Sir John," observed Whittaker, "for the witch may still be within ear-shot, and your voice is rather of the loudest, considering the nature of our business."

"Odso! that's true: body o' me! I forgot that; Culpepper, you dog, you are the cleverest fellow of us all, for you don't speak a word. —Let us all move forwards; another ten minutes will bring us to Bram—— adzooks! you know where we are going to!"

At the suggestion of Whittaker, Culpepper moved on first with the cart, Whittaker himself followed at the distance of a hundred paces, and Sir John having again charged his cross-bow, brought up the rear, by which arrangement they hoped the better to discover and defeat any attempts that might be made to follow and track their footsteps. Nothing further, however, occurred to justify their precautions: they advanced without interruption, neither hearing a sound nor discovering a living object, until they reached a high wall, which stretched away on either side as far as the gloom of the night would allow it to be discerned. At this moment the clouds being partially dispersed in the distant horizon before them, the faint light of the moon, then in her first quarter, threw into dark relief against the sky a lofty and massive building which stood within the wall we have mentioned, and exhibited at its opposite extremity two lofty towers, whose bell-

shaped roofs and gilt vanes caught the pale beam for a moment, and were again involved in gloom by the closing of the clouds.

“ A pest upon thee, mistress pale-face !” exclaimed Sir John, looking up towards the moon ; I will hire Waller and Milton, Roundheads as they are, to write sonnets to thee all the year through, so thou wilt but hide thy tinsel to night, and leave the towers of Brambletye in the dark. We want no candles in the sky, when a light the more may make us wear a head the less. Gramercy, dame ! I thank thee for pulling that black nightcap over thy face, and, prythee, let us finish our job, while thou art taking thy nap. Come, Culpepper, unbar the cart, and let us to work while the darkness holds.”—So saying, he blew the same low whistle which he had previously sounded. It was answered from within, and after a short interval a voice was heard inquiring the pass-word. “ Boscobel !” cried Sir John, when heavy bolts were drawn back, and

a low arched door being opened in the wall, two men appeared, whom Sir John addressed by the names of Waynfleet and parson Charnley, both of whom inquired whether all was right.

“Is all safe at Brambletye?” asked Sir John.—“Are all the household asleep and snoring, and all the lights put out?”

“All, except our own lanterns,” was the reply.

“Well then,” resumed Sir John, “all, has gone right with us, except that we have again encountered the ghost in sables, and unfortunately you were not with us, parson, or we would incontinently have laid the black rogue in the Red-sea.”

“God be good unto us!” ejaculated the Chaplain, “did it pronounce a blessing or a ban?”

“It sounded rather like a malison than a benediction,” replied Sir John, “inasmuch as it cursed the house of Brambletye and all within it, for which I gave the utterer a shot of my

cross-bow, and would fain have stopped its mouth with my rapier; but it seems to have the hides and the hoofs of the foul fiend, as well as his colour; for it 'scaped scot-free from arrow and rapier, and took to its heels, with the silence and the speed of a hare upon a moss-down."

"It is an inauspicious occurrence, and full of evil omen," replied the Chaplain. I predicted this before you set out; for it is the fifth day of the moon, upon which no undertaking prospers: you must surely recollect, Sir John, what Virgil says upon this very subject:—

"Ipsa dies alios alio dedit ordine Luna  
Felices, operum. Quintam fuge."

"Fiddle-faddle!—Virgil was an old woman, and you are another," replied Sir John, angrily. "What the dickens! are we in our first or second childhood, that we are to listen to such nursery nonsense, or be frightened at a mad

woman, or an old scare-crow dressed up in black?"

"But if it should prove to be a spy," observed Waynefleet; "which, from its constantly beleaguering you in your night expeditions, seems to be the more probable surmise, would it not be madness, Sir John, to proceed, and had we not better abandon the enterprize, before we are too far committed to recede with safety?"

"Certainly, certainly," ejaculated the Chaplain, "and, I believe, we are all of the same opinion."

"All?" exclaimed Whittaker indignantly—"speak for yourself, master parson, and for any other dunghill cocks that are like you; but as for me, Jack Whittaker's no flincher. I will stand or fall with Sir John till the business is seen fairly out, and so I warrant will honest Nat. Culpepper, for he's no parson,—he never talks nonsense, and understands no Latin."

“ Ay, ay,” said Nat. with an approving nod of the head.

“ Why, you chicken-hearted cravens !” exclaimed Sir John, addressing Charnley and Waynfleet, “ what the devil are you frightened at ? Our enterprise, I tell you, must and shall succeed ; our friends are staunch, the accounts from London are every day more favourable, and as to this raw-head, and bloody-bones,—this bugaboo woman in black,—this witch, this hag, this polecat, I care not a rush for her Bedlamite freaks, for in another week the rising will take place, and we shall have the game in our own hands. However, if you wish to turn tail, do so, o’ God’s name, while you can escape scot-free ; but as to me, on I go, though Beelzebub himself should stand in my path, and shake his horns at me as I proceed.”

“ Speak not so irreverently, Sir John,” said the Chaplain—“ resist the devil, saith the Scripture, and he shall flee from you.”

“Well, I am resisting him in this enterprize, an’t I?—doing my best to trample him down with all the false prophets and fanatics whom he has lifted up, and it is your duty as a minister of the true church, although an ejected one, to be aiding and abetting in the recovery of your rights.”

“Nay,” replied the Chaplain, not a little encouraged by this declaration of Sir John’s object, as well as by the confidence of his tone, “I threw out the suggestion for your own consideration, not with any intention of withdrawing myself from so holy an enterprize, if it may be safely undertaken.”

“That was *my* only idea,” cried Waynfleet.

“And a stupid one it was,” exclaimed Sir John, “so let us lose no more time in palavering, but set to work in unloading the cart, like stout blades and willing.” The end of the covered vehicle being now softly unbarred, several cases were withdrawn, carried through the



gate into the garden, and down a short flight of steps, at whose extremity was a door opening into a vault. By the lantern suspended at its entrance, other cases of the same description were seen inside, and as soon as the contents of the cart were deposited with these, Sir John locked the door, and concealed the entrance by throwing down earth, which he covered with a cucumber-frame, so as to conceal effectually the little flight of steps. Around this, some dung was carefully thrown up by the party, to make the deception perfect, and they then prepared to separate for the night. Culpepper was directed to drive the cart back to the forest, and leave it in its usual place, and Sir John having recommended Waynfleet and the Chaplain to take off their shoes and steal to their own apartments, without making the smallest noise, or even lighting a candle, so far disregarded the injunction in his own person, that when he reached his room, in which a lamp had been

left burning, he finished a flask of Hippocras spiced, before he retired to rest: and so well was he satisfied with his liquor, as well as with the exploits of the night, that, while undressing, he kept singing to himself, although in a subdued voice, one of his cavalier songs :—

“ A man that is arm’d  
With liquor, is charm’d  
And proof against strength and cunning ;  
He scorns the base humour of running —  
Our brains are the quicker,  
When season’d with liquor ;  
So let’s drink and sing,  
Here’s a health to the King,  
And I wish in this thing,  
Both the Roundheads and Cavies agree.—  
Sing hey ! Trolly, lolly, loe !” \*

\* The snatches of old songs introduced here and elsewhere, are fragments of original ballads and lampoons that were current during the Civil Wars, or immediately after their conclusion.

## CHAPTER II.

“ He told me that Rebellion had ill luck,  
And that young Harry Percy’s spur was cold ;  
With that he gave his able horse the head,  
And, bending forwards, struck his armed heels  
Against the panting sides of his poor jade,  
Up to the rowel-head ; and starting so,  
He seem’d in running to devour the way,  
Staying no longer question.”—

SHAKESPEARE.

THE heat of the weather, and the occurrence of the quarterly cattle-fair at East Grinstead, had occasioned a more than usual assemblage of rustic travellers at the Swan, a small public-house in the obscure hamlet of Forest-Row, near the northern extremity of Sussex. At the

time when our history commences,\* it was kept by a jovial blade who had formerly served in the King's army, and was well known to have not only retained his political opinions, but to have a clear voice and a stout heart for singing his old cavalier songs, a practice which was in those days by no means unattended with peril. On these accounts his house was frequented by such travellers and partisans as were not the best affected towards Cromwell's government, and who thought they might, in this unnoticed spot, safely indulge the effusion of their spleen, and drink, under the rose, confusion to all rogues and Roundheads. At that time the Forest of Ashdown closely invested the place on every side, and a large solitary tree, of that

\* As historical characters and events are introduced into the following novel, it may be right to state here, once for all, that the author has in several instances, deviated from exact chronological succession; and that in the history of Valentine Walton, in the third volume, he has taken the same liberty with *fact*, that he has done in other places with *time*.

species which had given its name to the vicinity, standing in front of the little inn, was encircled by a seat for the accommodation of such customers as occasionally traversed that cross-road for the purposes we have mentioned, or to visit the assize-town, from which it was only three miles distant. The old sign of the Swan is still existing upon the same spot, but the venerable ash has been succeeded by a large wilding cherry-tree, surrounded by a similar seat for the comfort of all weary wayfarers; and it has fallen to our lot to know that whatever may have been the reputation of this humble caravansera in the days of which we are about to write, it will still give satisfaction to all such travellers as may be propitiated by mild ale, plain viands, a courteous reception, and a moderate bill.

It was on the second morning after the night-scene we have described, that the before-mentioned motley company of rustics were discussing the merits of sundry "creature com-

forts," as the Puritans affected to call them, beneath the friendly shade of the wide-spreading ash, when an emaciated and feeble old woman, covered with dust, arrived at the same rendezvous, and instead of calling clamorously for refreshment like her neighbours, drew a horn from her pocket, filled it with water from the pump, and seating herself upon the sandy ground, began to empty it of its contents, by slowly swallowing a mouthful at a time.

"God help thee, mother," said an honest grazier, who was making sad havoc with a cold sirloin of beef, "hast thee never a cross in thy purse that thou art fain to wash the dust out of thy mouth with water?"

"God neither deserts those who appear to be forlorn," replied the old woman, "nor does he always favour those who may seem to be prosperous." As if to prove this assertion, and at the same time to rebut the suspicion of poverty, she took a twenty shilling gold piece from

her pocket, and as she looked upon it proceeded thus :—" What have we here? On one side a cross with a palm and laurel, and the words ' Commonwealth of England : ' on the other side, the cross and harp, and the words ' God with us. '—Might not a scoffer now remark, that even by the confession of their own coin, the States and God are not on the same side ?"

" And might they not further remark," cried the landlord, " that in these times we have two crosses for one merry-making? Ods pit-tikins ! we that set up a sign, know that to our cost. Cock-fighting and horse-racing, games and betting, all are forbidden ; holidays are suppressed ; the maypole is pulled down, and if folks want to drink and be merry, as they used to do, they must wait, forsooth, for the second Tuesday in the month, and tipple by Act of Parliament."

" The horn of the ungodly is exalted," ex-

claimed the old woman, "while they of the true faith are trodden under foot."

"Zooks! mother," cried the grazier, "which faith is that? for I think we reckon up two or three score of one sort or another."

"When the wolf that worried the flock is slain, and the wild ox that tore up the vineyard is muzzled, it will be time enough to tell ye what ye seek to know," resumed the old woman.

"Troth, dame," cried the grazier, "I'm in no hurry, for I always thought it dangerous to be wiser than one's neighbours; but perhaps you won't quarrel with the religion which leads me to offer you a share of my trencher and my pottle, for I see you like not to change that Parliament-piece, and if I may trust your looks, you're both hungry and athirst."

"I am both," said the woman calmly, "and yet I cannot partake of your bounty, though I thank you for it."



"Why, what the dickens ails ye?" exclaimed the grazier, somewhat offended—"ye might have a worse offer, good woman, I can tell ye that."

"Waste not you breath, neighbour mine," cried the landlord, who liked not to encourage such lenten loiterers at his door; "this is Friday, and I thought every body knew mother Lawrence to be a Roman, who can swallow lies and miracles by the bushel, and yet boggles at picking a beef-bone on a fast-day. Ods pittikins, dame, (for so was she generally called in derision,) ye may as well fill your stomach and starve your faith, now that the mummary of mass-mongers and the robbery of Peter's pence are passed and gone, for thus runs the song to-day:—

' There's neither cross nor crucifix,  
Shall stand for men to see,  
Rome's trash and trumpery shall go down,  
And hey, then up go we.'"

"Hold thy profane tongue," ejaculated the

object of this attack, "lest when it is parched in the pit like that of Dives, thou repent of thy jests."

"What the foul fiend!" cried the landlord, "neither wag our tongues nor our jaws; neither chatter nor chew! truly yours must be a bad religion for all publicans."

"And sinners"—added the old woman significantly; a remark which he pretended not to hear, but turning to a newly arrived customer, exclaimed, "Ah! Caleb, art thou still pedlaring the country with thy box of puritan playthings and relics for the Roundheads? hast any more bodkins and thimbles, or spoons and patty-pans; any of Rivett's knife-handles, candlesticks, and nut-crackers made out of the King's—I mean Charles Stuart's statue that stood at Charing Cross?"

The Rivett here alluded to was the man who bought Le Sœur's fine equestrian statue of Charles Ist. when it was ordered to be pulled

down by the Parliament, under the pretext of breaking it up for the materials; instead of which, he prudently buried it in his back yard, anticipating a period when he might sell it on much better terms than by weight. In the mean time, he used up all the old brass in his shop for such implements as we have mentioned, which were eagerly purchased by both parties; by the Cavaliers as relics of a royal martyr; and by the Roundheads as memorials of their triumph over a crowned oppressor. Caleb the pedlar had for some time been Rivett's agent, and though he affected the puritan principles and dialect, it was but for the purpose of selling his wares to better account, and collecting information for the opposite party, to which he had occasionally acted as a spy. At the Restoration the statue, presently making its reappearance, was set up where it now stands, and Rivett was handsomely rewarded for his calculating loyalty.

“Verily, verily,” exclaimed, Caleb, in answer to the landlord’s last question—“I have little or nothing of the sort, and I grieve to say it, for the Lord prospered that trade beyond any that I ever drove.”

“How came ye then to leave it?” inquired the landlord. “Would not the brass hold out?

‘Then fare thee well, old Charing Cross,  
And fare thee well, old Stump;  
It was a thing set up by the King,  
And so pulled down by the Rump.’”

“The brass held out;” quoth the pedlar, “but the buyers would not; the Lord’s people have become lukewarm—a generation of backsliders. Carnal and thrifty, and hungering after the fleshpots of Egypt, they will no longer give in their silver plate upon requisition, nor purchase my brass trinkets though molten from the statue of a tyrant. I preached for two hours upon this very subject in the market-place at Horsham, and though I was evidently warmed by the Spirit,—”

“So shalt thou be now, Caleb,” interrupted the landlord, “if thou wilt but tippie a drop of Dick’s cordial, and I warrant it genuine,—but as to sermons of two hours they like me not, either from the black silk scull-cap with the Geneva cloak and band, or the blue apron of the handicraft cushion-cuffer.” So saying, he hurried away as if apprehensive of an extempore preachment from the pedlar, and turning towards a personage on a dapple grey poney, who from his canvas satchel, rabbit-skin cap, and a figure of the same animal worked in white worsted on the sleeve of his green jerkin, was evidently a warrener, he exclaimed—“Ods pit-tikins, Nick Groombridge! how comes it you’re not a hunting with Sir John? he was here with his merry-men all afore the sun had taken off his night-cap, and though he wasn’t ten minutes from Brambletye House, he called for a cup of sack, and tossed it off with his old troll—

‘ My petition shall be that Canary be cheaper,  
Without patent or custom, or cursed excise,  
That the wits may have leave to drink deeper and deeper,  
And not be undone while their beards they baptize.’

Well, I will say for Sir John Compton he’s as merry a soul as ever whetted whistle at the Swan, though I have had prince Rupert here, ay and Maurice too, master Groombridge, by the same token that the latter drew his pistol, for he was a droll blade, and taking aim at my sign, says—‘ here goes at the Swan’s crown, since such baubles are out of fashion;’ and sure enough he shot it clean away, (do ye see the hole, Nick?) and then tossed me a crown piece, saying, exchange was no robbery. Ah! we had solid crown pieces in those days, none of your three-groat bits with the crosses and harp, or the brewer’s ———; but mum’s the word, Nick., when the Rump may cut off the head. There’s *one* good brewer in the world, and this is his ale, brewed by Manby’s patent, so you may pull at the black jack for nothing so long.

as ye drink the health of your master, Sir John Compton."

"Anathema, maranatha!" said the old woman in a solemn voice. "The health of a Compton! No good has come or can come to any of the race. Has God, then, so short a memory, that he can forget in a few years the perpetrators of sacrilege? Has he not even said that he will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, even unto the third and fourth generation? And lo! what has become of them? Was not one of them killed in a duel by Lord Chandois?—Did not William Compton go raving mad; mad with money in consequence of the princely dowry brought to him by his wife, the daughter of Sir John Spencer, Lord Mayor of London? And was not the nephew of him that built Brambletye killed at the battle of Hopton Heath, and his son Lord Compton wounded? and he and his brothers, are they not exiles and wanderers upon the face of the earth? And was not an only

child of one of the Comptons murdered or stolen away from this very Brambletye by the club-men ?\* and has there not been ever since a deadly feud in consequence between both branches of the family ? Verily the hand of the Lord is upon them, but all his vengeance has not yet fallen."

\* Mostly country people armed with clubs, and distinguished by white ribbons in their hats, who about the year 1645, irritated by the exactions and spoliations of both parties during the progress of the Civil War, assembled together in large bands, sometimes not less than ten thousand in a body, for the mutual protection of their lives and property. In several of the counties they were headed by the gentry and clergy, and in some instances showed themselves disposed to exercise *club-law*, and retaliate, upon the defenceless, those plundering inroads to which they had been themselves exposed. Cromwell, when lieutenant-general, was sent against several formidable parties in the West, many of whom he persuaded to return to their homes ; but at Hambleton Hill, near Stratton, a band of about 4000, stood upon their guard, in an old Roman work, deeply trenched, and repulsed his troop at the passage into the fort. Desborough, however, attacking them in the rear, they were dispersed, and many prisoners taken, with twelve colours, on one of which was written :

" If you offer to plunder or take our cattel,  
Be assured we will bid you battel."



“ We should be the more thankful that Sir John is left to us,” cried the landlord, who considered him as his patron, and had often joined with him in a cavalier song,—“ and, if I mistake not, I have seen you, spite of your preaching, sitting in his hall, ay, and sharing his broken victuals, and quaffing his ale when it happened not to be a fast-day.”

“ To do the Lord a service,” replied the old woman, “ we may lawfully enter the tents of the enemy, even as the spies of Joshua feasted in the house of Rahab, and as Daniel was present in the banqueting hall of Belshazzar. But neither the Babylonian idolater, nor the people of Jericho, were worse than this accursed Sir John Compton. He has sinned against the Holy Ghost—he is marked for destruction, even as——”

“ Dang thee, foul mouthed taud !” cried the warrener, “ what hast thee to say against Sir John ? Pest upon thee for an old beldame of

'Babylon! gie us no more of thy papistry, or thy lips shall have a taste of my leathern thong.'

"Out upon her for a scurrel witch!" exclaimed another, "to the horse-pond with her, and swim her for her life."

"If she be, in sooth, one of the accursed Amalekites, and a woman of Canaan," added the pedlar, with a sanctimonious look, "'twere pleasant in the sight of the Lord to have her smothered in the mud."

"Gag the slanderous old mass-monger! away with her! the horse-pond, the horse-pond!" cried three or four at once.

In vain did the good-natured grazier counsel dame Laurence to pocket her drinking-horn and trudge, since she had chosen the wrong neighbourhood for venting her abuse of the Comptons. She continued her anathemas and predictions with more bitterness than ever, though she retained a calmness of manner that

seemed little adapted to the rancour of her words; and the warrener, with some others of the party, were preparing to put their threats into immediate execution, when the landlord interfered, exclaiming—"Nay, nay, my worthies, let us never lay angry hands upon a woman, and one moreover, who is as crazy as Tom o' Bedlam. Better troll a catch, than souse a witch, and pour wine down our own throats than water down hers. Ods pittikins! we meet here to sing, drink, and be merry, and I am the leader of the band to set you a good example, and he that will match me with a rousing chorus, shall have next pot for nothing:—

'So here's to the man that delights in Sol-fa,

For sack is his only rosin.

A load of heigho is not worth a ha! ha!

He's a man for my money that draws in:

Then a pin for the muck, and a pin for ill luck,

'Tis better be blithe and frolic,

Than sigh out our breath, or invite our own death,

By the gout, or the stone, or the colick."

It is doubtful whether this inn-keeping Orpheus would have succeeded in pacifying his customers, who were beginning to rage like wild beasts, and have been able to rescue dame Lawrence from the horse-pond, had not the attention of the whole party been diverted by the sudden arrival of a courier on a smoking horse, who, desiring the boy to wipe the dust out of his steed's nostrils with some wet hay, called hastily to the landlord for a gill of sack.

"A gill, master Winbolt?" cried the landlord, "why, surely you haven't forgotten the ballad:—

' Hang the Presbyter's gill,  
Bring a pint of sack, Will,  
More orthodox of the two ;  
Tho' a slender dispute  
Will strike the elf mute,  
He's one of the honester crew.' "

"Thou art a bold cock to crow so loudly to the old tune," said the courier ; "but a pint

let it be, so it be quick, for I bear dispatches, and must cross the Weald, and call at Hever Castle, ere I draw bit or loose girth. But what pastimes toward in these parts, and what fool's game is Sir John Compton playing that sets the red-coats a marching for Brambletye House?"

"The red-coats, master Winbolt?" exclaimed the landlord, whose face suddenly assumed the same hue, "ods pittikins, what mean ye?"

"Neither more nor less than that I passed a troop of the Lord Protector's own regiment of Ironsides, watering their horses at Withyham bridge, who inquired the way to Brambletye House, and from their conversation I gathered that they had an order to search the premises and arrest Sir John. So let not your tongue wear too light a snaffle, my merry landlord, for a new ballad may be paid by an old grudge; better be silent on your own tree than sing in a cage; and a joke may be sharp, but

a sword is sharper, with which caution I give you good den."

"Dang the fellow," cried the warrener, with a chop-fallen look, "where were it, he zeed the red-coats?"—"At Withyham Bridge," replied the landlord, whereupon the former applied his thong lustily to his dapple grey poney, and was out of sight in a twinkling.

"Said I not sooth?" ejaculated the old woman, while a momentary triumph lighted up her generally inanimate features—"the Lord is slow to wrath, but his hour of anger comes at last. The Comptons are a doomed race; the curse of Cain is upon them, for they have slaughtered God's holy image. The stone is in the sling, and the bolt is in the bow, and the house where the crime was committed shall not long be covered with a roof to shelter one of the accursed and sacrilegious tribe." At these words she departed, still muttering denunciations of vengeance against the objects of

her wrath, and the company at the Swan dispersed themselves several ways, not less anxious to circulate the news they had learned, than to avoid the suspicion that might attach to them for tippling at the house of an old cavalier soldier, and a singer of irreverend songs, when the troops of the Protector were known to be in the neighbourhood.

Brambletye, or as it is termed in Doomsday Book, Branbertie House, the point to which the Parliament-troops were directing their march, stands upon the extreme borders of Ashdown Forest, in the county of Sussex. After the Conquest, it became the property of the Earl of Mortain and Cornwall, forming part of the Barony then conferred upon him, and subsequently denominated the Honour of the Eagle. Passing into possession of the Audehams, the Saint Clares, and several others, it came into the occupation of the Comptons towards the beginning of the seventeenth century; and from

the arms of that family impaling those of Spencer, still remaining over the principal entrance, with the date 1631 in a lozenge, it is conjectured that the old moated edifice, which had hitherto formed the residence of the proprietors, was abandoned in the reign of James the First, by Sir Henry Compton, who built the extensive and solid baronial mansion, commonly known by the name of Brambletye House.

This massive structure, owing to one of those freaks of fortune which will be explained in the following pages, is now a mass of ivy-covered ruins, though two centuries have not elapsed since its first stone was laid; while the venerable moated house in its vicinity remains in probably little worse condition than when it was deserted by Sir Henry.

From their undaunted courage and inflexible loyalty to the Stuarts, the Comptons had been heavy sufferers, both in purse and person, during the eventful progress of the Civil Wars. The



Earl of Northampton, the head of the family, and nephew to Sir Henry, the presumed builder of Brambletye, had four sons, officers under him, whereof three charged in the field at the battle of Hopton Heath, and the eldest, Lord Compton, was wounded. The Earl himself, refusing to take quarter from the rascally Roundheads, as he indignantly termed them, even when their swords were at his throat, was put to death in the same battle; and the successor to his title, with one of his brothers, finally accompanied the royal family in their exile, as dame Laurence had truly stated.

Sir John Compton, a branch of this family, was still, however, living at Brambletye House, and having preserved much of his property, from the Committee of Sequestration, displayed rather more splendour than fell to the lot of most of the Cavaliers who had taken an equally conspicuous part against the Parliament armies. Although never capable of any regular defence,

yet the place having been hastily fortified, had refused the summons of the Parliamentary Colonel, Okey, by whom it was invested; but it was speedily taken, when sad havoc was committed by the soldiery, all the armorial bearings, and every symbol of rank and gentility, being wantonly mutilated or destroyed. Not a single one of these would the sturdy and wrathful Sir John suffer to be restored, preserving them as so many scores against the wall, of what he owed to the Puritans,—debts, which, with curses “not loud but deep,” he swore to seize the very first opportunity of repaying upon their crop-eared sconces. Cromwell was too formidable and vigorous an adversary to be openly bearded; but Sir John was in constant correspondence with those members of his family who were in attendance upon the absent King, as well as with the leading partisans of the royal cause at home, and had engaged with more zeal than prudence, as the reader will already have

guessed from our first chapter, in certain premature machinations for effecting the downfall of the usurper. Of all men living he was, perhaps, the least qualified for the successful management of, or even the safe participation in, a plot of any sort; for his scorn of the hypocritical arts, by which his adversaries had gained the ascendancy, incapacitated him from imitating them; and though he practised an ostensible obedience to the established authority, he was perpetually blurting out some term of reproach against it, singing scraps of his old cavalier songs, or launching some ambiguous menace, which suggested more than it expressed. From its not being a place of any strength or notice, it was imagined that Brambletye might better escape the keen and jealous watchfulness, which kept the Protector's eye ever fixed upon the strong holds and defensible mansions of the nobility and gentry; while its proximity to the metropolis, combined with

the seclusion of its situation, adapted it to any enterprize which required at the same time secrecy, and an easy communication with the capital.

The defences of the house, such as they were, received, however, several additions; there were occasional meetings in it of strange gentlemen, who came and departed with a secrecy, which gave rise to half-smothered whispers in the neighbourhood; and the covered waggon, which we have already noticed, having more than once been seen returning from the premises after midnight, and being known not to belong to any of the surrounding farmers, was vehemently suspected of being engaged in some business much more dangerous than smuggling.

So little pains did the stout and sturdy Sir John give himself to conceal his hatred of the present Government, that even in his favourite recreation of hunting, which with the roaring of cavalier songs at his select parties, formed his

principal resources against the ennui of idleness and submission, he named his hounds after Rupert, Maurice, Digby, Astley, Langdale, and other leaders of the royal cause; cheering them on with redoubled ardour, not unmixed with shouts of laughter, in running down Cromwell, Lambert, Ireton, Fairfax, and Skippon, as he christened the different stags, who were turned out for the day's amusement. While thus engaged in the chase, and listening to the echoes of names, with which his ears had been familiar in the battles of the civil war, from Edge-hill, Roundway, Marston Moor, and Naseby, down to the fight of Worcester, his past exploits were recalled in so lively a manner to his imagination, that he sometimes fancied himself still riding at the head of his regiment, or presiding over a cavalier dinner-party, and was not unfrequently heard shouting out with stentorian lungs—"Forward my lads! for the King and St. George! pepper the Puritan rogues!

cut off their Roundhead ears! hammer away at Cromwell's regiment of ironsides! crack the shells of Sir Arthur Haselrigg's lobsters!"—or roaring aloud, as if seated at the convivial board,

“ A hound and a hawk no longer,  
Shall be the token of disaffection,  
A cock-fight shall cease to be breach of the peace,  
And a horse-race an insurrection.—  
Then off with your pots, English, Irish, and Scots,  
And loyal Cambro' Britons,  
From lobster-like jump, and the Head-playing Rump,  
You'll soon have an acquittance.”

He was absent upon one of these excursions, when Nick. Groombridge, the warrener, with whom we parted just now at the Swan, galloped full speed into the court-yard of Brambletye House, his poney covered with foam, and inquired, with a look of consternation, for Mr. Waynfleet, the secretary. Hurrying with this gentleman through the great hall into the waiting room, he stated that upon learning the news

about the Parliamentary troops, he had hurried forward to meet them, when their commanding officer stopped him to inquire the road to Sir John Compton's; and as some of the soldiers conversed together, he heard one of them tell the other that they could not be far off now, that they had got a full warrant from the Lord Protector for searching Brambletye House, and he trusted they should rout the old malignant fairly out of his den, for he had owed him a grudge ever since the affair of Colchester, when Sir John had ridden right over him.

“Good God!” exclaimed the secretary, changing colour, “then they will be here immediately.”

“Will 'um?” replied the warrener, while a knowing smile and a wink of the eye gave a peculiar expression to his heated face;—“I'll bet ye two cans of ale to one that they won't. Noa, noa, Master Waynfleet, I be too far north to be such a flat as that comes to; for hang me, if

I didn't tell 'um the shortest way to the house were right down Massiter's Lane, and soon as ever I seed 'um turn into the woods, I galloped here as fast as ever old Dapple could lay legs to the ground. They'll be cotch'd in a rare queach down Massiter's Lane, and as their horses were pretty well blow'd already, I reckon they can't be here in less nor an hour, let 'um flounder out which way they will."

"How truly unfortunate," said Waynfleet, walking up and down in great agitation, "that Sir John should be absent at this critical moment, when his very life may depend ——— Groombridge, my good fellow, do run for Mr. Charnley, and fetch him here as fast as you can, and bring Jack Whittaker with you; quick, quick; we shall not have a moment to lose."

The former of these personages was the chaplain, who was in the entire confidence of the baronet, and well acquainted, as has already



been shown, with all the state secrets and perilous machinations of which Brambletye House had for some time been the head-quarters. The latter, who still retained the name of Serjeant Whittaker, from his having served several campaigns under Sir John in that capacity, was also a confidential personage, and had been retained in his service as armourer, for which office the old arquebusses, pikes, and swords, that had mounted guard in the hall ever since the time of James the First, afforded less employment than certain other arms, of all sorts, deposited in a much more unobtrusive situation. No sooner had the chaplain, who arrived first, learnt the cause of his being summoned, than he was seized with a consternation even more conspicuous than that of the secretary, and ejaculated, in a trembling voice,—“What ’s to be done? Where ’s Serjeant Whittaker?”

“Not at his proper post, of course,” replied

Groombridge, "but, I dare say, I shall find him with his pipe and cannikin on the kitchen chimney bench, or telling his old story of Worcester Fight, to Patty, at the buttery hatch."

Just as he was about to run to these respective haunts, the object of their search, a morose-looking, bald-headed figure, rendered more grim by a deep scar across his cheek, was seen marching towards them, whiffing his pipe, and at the same time mumbling execrations against the new batch of ale, which he declared ought to have had at least another strike of malt to make it fit for any one but a cuckoldy Roundhead.—No sooner, however, had he learnt the news, than his whole countenance became lighted up with a sudden beam of animation; his scar assumed a portentous redness; he dashed his pipe upon the ground, smacked his hands together, then snapped his fingers, and exclaimed, "Let em come! let em come! the canting crop-ear'd knaves: I shall be glad to have a slap at

them again. We have some rare poppers, and plenty of powder, if we can but get hands enough to pepper the rascals."

"What's best to be done?" inquired Waynfleet, turning towards Whittaker, to whom, as the principal military authority in the absence of Sir John, he seemed disposed to show a more than usual deference.

"Done?" cried Whittaker, "why first of all shut the inner and outer gates: ring the alarm bell, to get together our little garrison, with such of the tenants as are at hand; fire off the two falconets on the roof beside the western tower, as the signal agreed upon with Sir John; let Groombridge take one of the best horses, and gallop after him into Ashdown forest, to tell him what has happened; and then you and the parson had better set about burning all the papers that might make against us; while I get out the arms, barricado the gates, and order every man to his post." So saying,

he took down a fowling-piece, that was hanging over the mantel of the small room in which they were conversing, and began to examine its lock by rapidly opening and shutting it.

“All very proper measures; very proper, indeed,” said the secretary; “but as to resistance, it is out of the question; we must of course surrender.”

“I’ll be hanged if we must!” roared the serjeant, striking his piece upon the floor with such violence that the adjoining hall rang with the echo. “What! didn’t she stand a three days’ siege against Colonel Okey, with three companies of foot; and is old Brambletye to be frightened by a paltry troop of horse? I always said the original builder was an ass for not placing her where the old house stands, that he might have had a moat round her; but as to surrendering, unless Sir John gives us his orders, I say once more, may I be cursed ——”

"Mr. Whittaker," said the chaplain, rendered more than usually demure by his apprehensions, "I must request you will not use profane oaths in my presence."

"What ! not when we are going into battle ? Then how the devil would you distinguish us from the psalm-singing Puritans ?—Now that the Parliament have forbidden it under pain and penalty, every true Christian, who loves his King, ought to swear day and night as lustily as he can, and I take shame to myself for not doing it oftener.—D— ! how shall we conceal the house-entrance to the vaults ? There are some ugly tell-tales down below, if the rogues once got scent of them."

"Every thing will be discovered ! every thing will be discovered !" cried Waynfleet and the Chaplain, in the same despairing tone. "If Sir John were at home,——"

"He would call you a couple of lilly-livered Tom Otters," interrupted the serjeant, with a

contemptuous turning up of his nose. "What ! did you never smell powder before ? well, then, go and smell burnt paper. Ram into the fire every scrap and letter that might give old Noll an excuse for making us run the gauntlet, and leave all the rest to me."

Recommending his companions to execute this commission without further delay, he proceeded instantly to give such orders as the emergency required. The warrener was despatched on a fleet horse to seek Sir John in Ashdown forest ; the falconets were fired from the western tower, to give him an earlier notice of his danger ; the gates were all locked and barricadoed ; arms in abundance were speedily loaded and prepared ; and the little household-garrison, weakened by the absence of the whole hunting establishment, which was in attendance upon the Baronet, was collected and very laconically harangued by Serjeant Whittaker, who asked them first whether there was a better man

or a better master, or a braver soldier in the whole county, than Sir John; to which they unanimously replied in the negative: and secondly, whether they wouldn't all be hanged, drawn, and quartered, rather than surrender Brambletye House, which had stood a siege against a whole regiment of infantry, (as he now termed the three companies,) to a rabble of rascally Presbyterians. To a proposition thus stated, there could be no other answer than a clamorous affirmative, followed by three hearty cheers.

“Why then, *that* for the parson,” cried Whittaker, snapping his fingers, “and while I have the command, ye may swear as many oaths and fire as many vollies at the Roundheads as ye like.”

“And now, my brave fellows,” he continued, for he had very unceremoniously dubbed himself governor of the place *pro tempore*, “the first thing you have to do, till Sir John returns

to give his own orders, is to fetch the peat-stack from behind the postern-gate in the yard, and pile it up as fast and as high as you can, against the great entrance to the vaults."

"What is that for?" inquired several, who were ignorant that there was any thing to conceal within those extensive arches.

"What the devil is that to you?" asked the serjeant with a fierce look: "You are to do it, because I order you; because Sir John orders you."

"As to your ordering us," replied the same voices, "that's neither here nor there, but if it's Sir John's commands, we are all ready to set about it."

"Off with ye, then!" cried Whittaker, "and take with ye the kitchen maids, and laundry maids, and buttery maids, and scullery maids, every hand ye can muster, while I go and fill the black jack to serve out rations, for dry work is slow work, and wet whistles make nimble



hands; and besides we must drink double the quantity to make up for the lack of malt in the last brewing, a full boll too short as I'm an honest man."

With these appropriate stimulants to activity, and by pressing every hand male and female into the service, a goodly stack of peat was presently run up against the principal entrance to the vaults, while the secretary and the chaplain were not less actively employed in committing to the flames, every letter or document which might compromise Sir John himself, or any of the loyal gentlemen with whom he was associated. About three quarters of an hour had elapsed from the time when the warrener had galloped into the court-yard, and both the parties we have just enumerated, had pretty well completed their respective operations, when Serjeant Whittaker, who had taken his station in the cupola-shaped roof of the western tower, for want of a better warder, cried out lustily—

“There they are, the red-coat psalm-singers, and a white pennon at their head!” with which exclamation he hastily descended, distributed arms to his little garrison, exhorted them not to desert their posts, and to take aim at the men rather than the horses.

The very mention, however, of the words red-coats and horses had produced a marvellously anti-pugnacious effect upon his auditors, several of whom betook themselves to the great stone-shafted window over the principal gate of entrance, and no sooner caught the gleaming arms of a regular troop of horse, advancing in military array towards the house, than their courage began to ooze out of their bodies with an alarming rapidity.

“Ods heartlikins! Serjeant Whittaker,” cried one, “call ye this a rabble of rascally Presbyterians? why it’s the Lord Protector’s own troop of ironsides!—his invincibles! look at their armour how it glitters in the sun!—surely

you would not send our heads to join those of Gerrard and Vowel, and half a score more, which were cut off t'other day."

"For my part," exclaimed a second, "I thought it was a mere mob of mad-headed rustics, like those in Goring's insurrection, or some of the Kentish club-men; but if they are indeed his Highness's cavalry, it becomes a case of flat rebellion and high treason, and I have no wish to ride upon a hurdle, and to have my head shaved by Gregory Bandon's razor, nor to dangle by the neck in Cheapside or Cornhill, like Ashton, Bettely, and Stacy."

"They be a troop of his own regiment, sure enough," cried a third, "and loikely lads to look at, and if they draw a line round the walls, I dont zee what good can coome to we, for I take it we ha'n't no great show of ammunition."

"There you lie," growled Whittaker,— "I will find you in gunpowder for six weeks, if you will but fight as long."

“As you like for yourself, master Whittaker,” cried the under steward, indignant at the imputations against the ale, which was of his brewing; “but as for me, I find not that slice upon your cheek so becoming, as that I wish to run the risk of matching it.”

This was indeed touching the serjeant in a sore place. He was ashamed of his scar, honourable as it was, because it had not been received in battle, but in saving the life of a squinting Parliamentarian; and one of the very few occasions of his using any thing like a prayer was, when he expressed a hope (as he often did,) that heaven would forgive him for having been such an egregious ass as to do so. The very cicatrice itself blushed with a more angry glow at the under-steward’s allusion, as Whittaker fiercely replied, —“None of your scurrel jests upon me, jackanapes, or I may chance to widen your mouth with a rapier, and spoil your sneering.—And now, my brave lads, are ye all ready? Put in

plenty of bullets ; for lobsters, you know, ought to be well peppered."

"No fighting ! no fighting ! no fighting !" cried a dozen voices at once, as they noticed with dismay the steady advance and formidable appearance of the soldiers.

"What, ye rascals !" roared the serjeant in a fury—"do ye mutiny ? Curse ye for a cowardly crew ! I should like to make myself a court-martial, try ye all round, and shoot ye every one with my own hand !"

The secretary, chaplain, and steward, now making their appearance, announced to the assembled household, that upon a consultation among themselves it had been determined not to offer any useless resistance to the Government-forces if they came with a hostile intent, but to demand a parley, and keep the gates closed, until Sir John should return in person, or transmit orders for their conduct.

"Not fight !" roared Serjeant Whittaker,—

“ After I have given them all as pretty arms as ever popped, and served out double rations of ale from the black jack !—Curse me if ye ar’n’t all traitors together—not fight !”—From the utter amazement and indignation into which he was cast by this unexpected intelligence, he only recovered upon perceiving that the troops had entered the avenue of trees which led to the principal entrance, and were within a short distance of the outer gate, when he exclaimed—“ By St. George, it’s a troop of the cuirassiers, and Noll’s favourite officer, Colonel Lilburne, the same that cut Lord Derby’s forces to pieces at Wigan in Lancashire, and took the Duke of Buckingham and the other Lords after the battle of Worcester.—I know the rascal by his black helmet and Spanish charger. How I should like to have a slap at him !” In uttering these words, his fingers instinctively touched the lock of the musquet he was holding, as if they could hardly be repressed from cocking the trigger,

and bringing the weapon up to his shoulder ; but with an effort, which he considered a rare act of magnanimity, he continued—" Damn him ! though he 's an Anabaptist, and one of King Charles's murderers, which is next door to being a devil, he 's a good soldier ; and besides there's a trumpeter with him, who I see is raising the instrument to his mouth."

The loud brazen summons that followed these words, and which, after echoing through the hall and vaulted passages of Brambletye, startled the cattle that were browsing in its shade, and then died sullenly away in the adjacent forest, effectually put to flight all the remaining valour of its little garrison, with the exception of that which was now swelling the veins, and crimsoning the face of grim Serjeant Whittaker, who clutched his weapon with a convulsive energy at the sound.—The chaplain, in the mean time, who was deemed the most appropriate messenger of peace, though many of the sacred profession had

been active belligerents on both sides during the late troubles, was deputed to hold a parley with the colonel, and demand the object of this extraordinary summons, and a sight of his authority. The former was presently explained, and the warrant upon which it was grounded being handed by a serjeant at arms through the stone loophole of a niche in the porter's lodge, was carried into the hall for the inspection of the whole counsel. It was evidently official and regular, signed by the Lord Protector himself, and bearing appended to it the Government seal, which displayed the arms of England and Ireland, a representation of the Parliament House, and the following inscription—"The Council of Estates appointed by the Parliament of England."

There was little room for deliberation where there was but one dissenting voice, and the sole condition proposed to the investing force was, that they should wait four hours for the return



of Sir John, or the receipt of his orders, when it was stipulated that the gates should be opened.

“As to the return of Sir John Compton,” said the colonel with a smile, “peradventure we might wait many a four hours for such a favour, seeing that our warrant goes to his apprehension, and that the pateraroes which we heard firing in this direction, and whose meaning we well understood, have doubtless warned him from the premises. The varlet, too, who sent us floundering down Massiter’s lane, has enabled him to get a good hour’s start, of which I doubt not he will make good use. Brambletye House therefore must be surrendered instantly at discretion ; and to let you see that we are not unprepared to force an entrance ——— fall back soldiers ! — Cornet Axtell, forward !”

The troop filing round at this command, disclosed two pieces of light artillery advancing towards the great gates, to which the Colonel pointed, and declared that he would only grant ten minutes for deliberation, at the end of which

time he would batter down whatever opposed the execution of his orders.

The gates would have been instantly opened at this notification, but that Serjeant Whittaker declaring he had a proposition to make to the garrison, which would only occupy three minutes in the discussion, took the chaplain, secretary, and steward into a private room, and asked them whether they thought any body, besides themselves and Sir John, knew the garden-entrance to the secret vault under the great hall, which was filled with gunpowder ?

“ Not a soul,” was the reply.”

“ Well then,” said Whittaker, “ do you and all the garrison, men, women, and children, march out by the back postern, where nobody will see you, and at the expiration of the ten minutes, or when they have battered down the outer gates, I myself will open the others, and let the rogues take quiet possession of Brambletye.”

"But why should *you* do this," inquired the chaplain, with a suspicious look.

"Why, for this reason, Mr. Parson ; because I know the way to the secret vault, and when they are all fairly inside the great gates, or mustered in the hall, I might just fire my pistol into the powder, send the whole squad of Roundheads to the devil before their time, and prevent any discovery of the slashers, and poppers, and pellets, with which Sir John has been so plentifully stocking his cellars on the dark nights o'late."

"And in that case, how could you make your own escape?" inquired the chaplain.

"*My* escape!" exclaimed the serjeant, "who wants to escape, when Jack Whittaker can sell his old life for a whole troop of Noll's own regiment? Had I a dozen lives, I should be happy to swap them on the same terms; we will all be comfortably blown up together. It will be the first time I shall have travelled the

same road with any of the crop-eared cattle, and I hope it will be the last ; for, I take it, their final journey will be downwards instead of upwards."

To the great surprise of its proposer, none of the party would listen for a moment to this desperate offer, which they observed would necessarily destroy a considerable portion, if not the whole of the building, and might be as displeasing to Sir John, as it would certainly be fatal to its projector, who had, moreover, no right to sacrifice either his own life, or his master's property. Serjeant Whittaker was enforcing, with a profane oath, the certainty of his going to heaven if he lost his life in such a cause, and inveighing against the wickedness of the chaplain, who would prevent such a pious consummation, when the party was broken hastily up by the noise and clatter of the troops, to whom some of the intimidated servants had opened the gates at the expiration of

the ten minutes, stipulating for nothing but the personal safety of all the inmates. Some of the cavalry, having dismounted, were striding across the great hall, whose floor echoed aloud to their massy boots and clanging sabres, while others were again shutting and barricading the gates to prevent a surprise. From the martial completeness of their armour and appointments, as well as the stern, grave deportment, and war-worn countenances of the men, they were obviously a portion of those invincible veterans whom the Protector had trained under his own eye. These were the soldiers, who, when their enemies were occupied in drinking, swearing, and plundering, or revelling with drabs and dicers, were devoutly employed in reading the Bible, or in listening to some favourite expounder of the sacred writings. Many of them, indeed, were preachers and prophets in their own persons, and all considered themselves as the enlisted soldiers of the Lord.

They marched with an enthusiastic valour to fight his battles, singing for their war-song, the Psalms of David ; a more sublime and inspiring poem than ever was chaunted by the sacred battalian of the Greeks. If discomfited, they formed again and renewed the attack, determined either to achieve the victory, or to offer up their lives as a sacrifice for the good and holy cause.

The colonel, who was of a cheerful and pleasant humour, pointing to a long table in the hall, which was ready prepared for the large dinner-company, which was expected to bring home hunter's appetites with Sir John, exclaimed—

“Upon my word ! this is a more courteous reception than we could have expected, and if the cook fail us not in the roast, he shall have the thanks of Parliament for our good quarters and liberal rations. After a long march in such sandy roads, the sabre is gladly resigned

for the carving knife, especially if the cellarage supply us good ale, and Sir John Barley-corn help us to despatch his brother knight, Sir Ioin. Our worthy host is famous for his cellarage, if not for his ale, and thither, therefore, will we first address ourselves."

He smiled at his brother soldiers as he made this remark, and invited them to accompany him to the vaults, a word which was no sooner uttered, than a look of consternation fell upon the countenances of a part of the household, many of whom were seen whispering together in corners, and quietly sneaking out of the house to make their escape by the postern-gate, which had been left unguarded. The steward had been strictly enjoined by the chaplain not to lose sight of Whittaker, from whose fierce character, they were not without apprehensions that he might be tempted to try the effect of an explosion, even while they themselves were upon the premises; and the secretary was de-

puted to the ticklish office of waiting upon the commanding officer in his visit to the vaults.

“ This, colonel, is our ale-cellar,” he exclaimed, endeavouring to divert the attention of his unwelcome visitant ; “ and this is where Sir John keeps his claret ;—I have the keys of both, and no one, I believe, will quarrel with the liquor.”

“ I doubt it not, Mr. Secretary,” replied the colonel, “ Sir John was liberally treated by the sequestrators, and he can afford to have of the best ; but what strange fancy is this to build up a peat-stack in the vaults ?”

“ It got so damp in the garden-yard,” said the secretary.

“ What, damp in the fine sun shiny weather, and get dry in the vaults ! For shame, Mr. Secretary ! my soldiers shall teach you better husbandry.” So saying, he looked at a paper, which doubtless contained the information upon which he was acting, and exclaiming—“ Ay, this is the very spot,” directed his men to pull



down the peat-stack, which was rapidly effected, and discovered the great entrance to the vaults.

“Strange that you should forget the principal cellar,” continued the colonel, still retaining his bantering and good-humoured tone.

“There has been neither wine nor beer in it for many months,” said the Secretary. “But there may be something better,” replied the colonel; “so by your favour we will overhaul it. Zooks! Mr. Secretary, you should do this now and then for your own security, for who knows but that your vaults may be as well provided as those under the Parliament House were once found to be. The key, so please you!”

His vehement protestations, that the key had been long missing, were met by the suggestion of Cornet Axtell, that one of the field-pieces should be brought down to drive open the door; but the colonel reminding him they had brought crows and hatchets, which would be

equally effectual and much less dangerous, they proceeded to the attack with these implements, and had no sooner forced an entrance than they discovered a collection of pikes, swords, musquets, buff and plate armour, bandoleers, grenades, and cannon-balls, that did no less credit to the liberality of Sir John and his partisans, than to the skill of Serjeant Whittaker, for their admirable condition, and the perfect order of their arrangement. Considering this to be the great prize they were sent to seize, they made no further researches; so that the secret vault, filled with gunpowder, escaped detection. So irritated were the soldiers at the discovery already made, that had any of Sir John's retainers remained upon the premises, they would probably have been exposed to maltreatment, notwithstanding the convention at the gates; but they had all slipped away, one by one, and the Colonel, who was a humane man, had rather favoured than opposed their

disappearance. All his exertions, however, could neither prevent the sacking and pillaging of the house, nor the defacement of such loyal and armorial emblems as had escaped the rage of former devastators. Even the sculptured acorns, whose remains are still to be seen in the ruined porch, received many a splenetic blow, because the oak-tree had recently afforded shelter to the unfortunate Charles Stuart, after the battle of Worcester.

The indignation of the soldiers being in some degree appeased by the active exercise of mischief and plunder, the whole party began to turn their attention to the gratification of their appetites, which were not a little stimulated by the sight as well as the odour of the viands already spread out for the recreation of the hunters. Substitutes being presently provided for the cook, who had deserted his post at the very critical hour of his art, the remainder of the dinner was shortly smoking in the great hall,

and the black jack which Serjeant Whittaker had so often replenished for the encouragement of the garrison, being now put in requisition for the solace of the victorious assailants, the whole party, officers and privates, sate down to their repast with that familiarity which was studiously affected in those levelling days. A long grace was devoutly pronounced by the colonel himself, for in these times of spiritual effervescence, religious observances were scrupulously maintained even in the field of battle, and at the festive board, without in the least moderating, however, the appetite for either species of indulgence. Both officers and privates dispatched the meal, after this solemnity, with the earnestness of hungry veterans, who had been taught expedition in their repasts by the frolicsome lessons of the Protector. It appears from the memoirs of Dr. Bates, his physician, that when this generally grave and austere personage was disposed to unbend, he would sometimes make feasts for the

inferior officers, and while they were feeding, before they had half satisfied their hunger, would cause the drums to beat, and let in the private soldiers, to fall on, and snatch away the half-finished dishes. Warned by this example they soon completed their dinner, when another grace of portentous length was pronounced by the colonel; after which he desired them to fill their cans, and standing up exclaimed,—“Soldiers! although toasts have been forbidden as dangerous and heathenish, I have one to offer to which no one can object, and which I propose your drinking with three hearty cheers.”

The whole assemblage having simultaneously risen at this notice, he cried out in a loud voice, — “His highness the Lord Protector!” — when the cans were lustily quaffed, and the triple shout that followed was uttered with a stentorian clamour that shook the dust from the rafters of the great hall, and reverberated hollowly from the surrounding chambers of Brambletye.

Scarcely were the company re-seated, when their attention was suddenly drawn to the music balcony that overhung the hall, by the apparition of a beautiful youth, apparently not more than twelve or fourteen years of age, whose whole face reddened, and his dark eyes flashed with an angry surprise as he gazed down upon the assemblage below him. He was habited in a close green dress, embroidered with black bugles: his cap of the same hue, was surmounted by a long heron's feather, and being worn on one side, disclosed the black ringlets that hung down to his neck: he had a bow in his hand; and a belt of black leather, studded with brass bosses, supported a small quiver at his back. So sudden and strange was his appearance, that the clatter of the hall was utterly suspended for a few seconds, while the company looked up at him, as if waiting some explanation of his intentions in thus presenting himself to their notice. This silence the youth was the first to break, by

exclaiming in a loud voice, and with some arrogance of manner,—“Where is my father, and who are ye that make such an uproar in his hall?”

“And prythee who are you, my pretty page?” replied the colonel, “and who is the father that owns so dapper a Robin Hood?”

“My name is Jocelyn,” resumed the youth, with an indignant air; “and I am the only son of Sir John Compton.”

“Why then, my dainty little bowman,” retorted the colonel, “I am sorry to state that you have a malignant and a traitor for your father.”

“Thou art a liar and a knave to say it!” exclaimed the boy in a rage, and, quick as thought, fixing an arrow to his bow, he drew it to the head, and launched it with a twang at the colonel, who luckily drew suddenly back, so that the weapon missed its aim, but stuck quivering in the wall close behind him. Every

thing was uproar in an instant, and a dozen pistols were levelled at the balcony ; but the commanding officer, striking them down with his sabre, exclaimed; " By heavens ! I will cut off the first arm that pulls a trigger ! for shame, comrades, for shame ! shall we, who fear not the bravest of men, make war upon a child ?—Beshrew me ? " he continued, resuming his usual smile, " the lad is a good marksman, and a true, and his spirit likes me well. A toward young Dreadnought, I warrant me, and a genuine chip of the old block."

" Rather the venomous spawn of the old malignant," cried Cornet Axtell, " who will try his sting again if he escape scot-free from this attempt. The young assassin has slunk away, but let us seek and seize him, and draw his teeth before his bite becomes more dangerous."

" Seize him by all means," cried a score of voices at once ; and several had already risen to execute the threat, when the colonel interposed,



declaring that he freely forgave the attempt, which in an ebullition of boyish petulance, or perhaps of filial affection, had been directed against himself individually; but that as he had no ambition to enact the part of target a second time, they might secure, if they pleased, the door of the balcony, and wink at the escape of the young desperado, for whose apprehension he finally reminded them they had no warrant from the Lord Protector.

“Suffer not the seed of Canaan to escape, nevertheless,” cried a deep sepulchral voice from the door, and at the same moment an old cadaverous looking female, in a black dress, discoloured with dust, entered the hall, and stalking up to the colonel, and laying her long shrivelled hand upon his shoulder, she continued, “Robert Lilburne! Robert Lilburne! if David suffered Zeruiah’s sons to live, it was only that he might kill them more conveniently! Did not Noah curse Ham in order to punish his father Ca-

naan, and will you allow the Hyæna's cub and the wolf's whelp to steal from the den, because you have failed to trap his sire?—Is this urchin's an arm which should be suffered to gather strength, (she detached the arrow with some difficulty from the wainscoat as she spoke)—when this white swan-feather would have been red with your heart's blood had you not avoided the blow? Put on your breast-plate again, if you mean to leave him still at liberty.—I marked the young Amalekite as he shot just now at the rooks in the Friar's copse, and as I followed him to the house, I said to myself, verily this son of wrath will be a sore curse to the Lord's people if he be suffered to grow up, and unite himself with the Midianites and Moabites to launch arrows against Israel : and, lo ! but a few minutes have elapsed, when he bent his Canaanitish bow against thine own bosom ! Would thy brother John, free-born John, and Lilburne the saint, as he was justly

termed, have suffered the young caitiff to slip away? Never! and if he be not now made thy prisoner, the Lord Protector shall hear of it; and before Heaven and him do I hold you responsible for his escape."

"She is right, she is right, Mistress Lawrence is right," cried several of the soldiers, who knew that the old woman, notorious Papist as she was, was often closetted, and in good favour, with his Highness, and might, perhaps, have reasons, undivulged to them, for recommending the boy's apprehension with so much earnestness.

Fearful of incurring censure from the Protector, if he refused to attend to a warning so publicly given, the colonel at length gave a reluctant order for seizing and bringing him into the hall, with strict injunctions, however, that he should be secured without the smallest indignity or maltreatment.—"How 's this, my little mettlesome assailant?" he continued, as the youth was led into his presence by a file of dis-

mounted cuirassiers,—“so prompt in an attack, and such a laggard at a timely retreat! you know but half a soldier’s duty. I was in hopes you had effected your escape ere this.”

“I never attempted it,” said the boy sullenly.

“Why then did you so hastily retire from the balcony?”

“To look for more arrows,” replied the young prisoner, with a fierce expression of countenance.

“Oh! what an ass was I to shoot them all away in the Friar’s copse, for I would rather have killed a single Roundhead than a thousand rooks.”

“Beshrew me!” ejaculated the colonel, “he knows one part of a soldier’s duty at all events. But might you not, young malapert, better give us more measured language, seeing that you are in our power, and that your attempt against myself might well warrant a sharp retaliation?”

“My relation, Lord Northampton,” continued the boy, “would not ask for his life on Hopton Heath, even when your swords were at his

throat, and I have been bred up to imitate his example."

"Why then, my bristling little fearnought, we will bandy words no longer ; but as it is not safe that so fierce a Bantam-cock, young as he is, should wear a steel spur, we will ease you of your's before we begin our march." So saying, he drew out the dagger that hung in Jocelyn's belt, and giving him over into the custody of two soldiers, joined in the rude sport of the others, who now began to toss about and try their strength upon the heavy stone fragments of the family arms and other devices, which had forcibly been wrenched from the walls. This, too, was in imitation of the Protector, who had generally, however, a deeper object than mere recreation in encouraging these military saturnalia. He loved to divert the robust and sturdy soldiers with violent and hazardous exercises, such as making them sometimes throw a burning coal into one another's boots, or cushion at

one another's heads. When the officers had sufficiently laughed and tired themselves with these preludes, he would wheedle them to open their hearts freely, and by that means he drew some secrets from the unwary, which afterwards they wished might have been wrapped up in everlasting darkness; whilst he, in the mean time, pumping the secrets of all others, concealed his own.

Colonel Lilburne made no such attempts, but after his men had diverted themselves a reasonable time, he caused the trumpet to be sounded, and directing that his young prisoner should be mounted on his own poney, (which was found in the stable,) and guarded constantly by two soldiers, he commenced his march back to London, with a small part of his troops, leaving the remainder properly posted and distributed, to take charge of Brambletye House, and its newly discovered depôt of military weapons.

## CHAPTER III.

" By how much unexpected, by so much  
We must awake endeavour for defence ;  
For courage mounteth with occasion."

SHAKESPEARE.

WHILE these untoward events were occurring at Brambletye House, its owner was hotly engaged in the pleasures of the chace, little suspecting the slippery trick which dame Fortune was at that very moment playing him. His day's sport had been unusually successful, and he was proportionately elated by the enjoyment of his favourite pastime. With the coarse humour engendered by the animosity of party, some red ochre had been smeared over the face of the stag turned out upon the occasion, which was forthwith christened red-nosed Noll; and

it so happened that the animal was run down by a hound named Rowland, by which appellation the absent King was generally designated. So huge was the delight of Sir John at this coincidence, which he hailed as a most auspicious omen, that when the stag was killed, he ordered his huntsman to wind the customary *mort* upon his horn twice over; and in spite of the alarmed looks and deprecatory hints of some of the loyal gentlemen, by whom he was accompanied, he could not be prevented from roaring out, at the top of his voice:—

“ Since Noll hath bereft us, and nothing hath left us,  
Not a horse or an ox to plough land,  
Let Oliver pass; come fill up a glass,  
And here's a good health to Rowland;”

which he wound up with a hunter's tally-ho! instead of a chorus, and chuckled, and cracked his whip and his joke in an uncontrollable ecstasy of triumphant glee. “ How now! Sir Knight of the rueful countenance,” he exclaimed



to one of the bystanders, who seemed particularly dissatisfied at his imprudent exposure, "never fear, we are all good men, and true blue to the backbone. At least I can answer for myself: I can laugh, and sing, and play the fool, but I am no such grinning and scurrilous turn-coat as Marchamont Needham, whom somebody or other has noticed as 'transcendently gifted in opprobrious and treasonable droll.' I am not one of those who begin with the *Mercurius Britannicus*, and after turning over to the King, and asking his pardon upon my knees, end with the rascally *Mercurius Politicus*."

"The bird that sings before the fowler," said the wary Sir William Clayton, for such was the gentleman to whom he had addressed himself, "gets paid for his piping with a shot. The bough that flutters to every wind shakes its own fruit to the ground, and the tongue that is always wagging will at length bring down its owner's head. The mouth is the door of the

heart, Sir John, and before we venture to leave it unlocked we should be sure of other's honesty, as well as our own, which is a difficult task when many a listener's ears are like an open prison, and his hand like a limed bough."

"Od's heart! my worthy neighbour," cried Sir John, "be as wise and as sententious as you please, but be not angry with a merry old cock for chirping a bit, or even for crowing aloud."

"Surely he had better be silent," observed Sir William, "when the poacher is loading his gun without, and the fox and the weazel are lurking for him within."

"If I were to be silent, I should be instantly suspected," replied Sir John, "for great talkers are always thought to be the least doers, and every body knows, it's the still sow that eats all the draff; so take care of yourself, master sly-boots.—Tut, man; I know as well as you that the empty cask makes the most noise, but it may be sound at heart nevertheless, and all the safer, because nobody thinks of tapping it."

Sir William now put his finger to his lips, and directed his eyes to a part of the retinue that was approaching, a hint which was instantly taken by his companion; for unguarded as he was, Sir John was not quite so hair-brained as to commit himself before the assembled servants and strangers. Naturally blunt and open in his disposition, he abhorred the mask which common prudence occasionally compelled him to wear: when, therefore, he was among companions whom he thought to deserve his confidence, he threw off his disguise and indulged the genuine bias of his mind with as much glee as the galled and trammelled horse escapes from his harness to luxuriate in his native pasture. Determined, however, to redeem his character with Sir William, and prove that he could be as cunning and as close upon occasion as the best of them, he now preserved an unnatural silence, and displayed such a studied reserve when bantered for being out of

spirits, that he abundantly confirmed his own assertion of exciting much more suspicion by his taciturnity, than by all the frankness of his customary rattle. Anxious to have some confidential conversation with Sir William about the fearful enterprize in which they were both embarked, and apprehensive from his distrustful character, that he would maintain his usual reserve if there were other witnesses, he dismissed all his attendants to Brambletye House, and requested such of the gentry as he had engaged to dinner, to proceed to the same destination by one route, while he and Sir William would follow them by another. So energetically, however, did he disclaim having any thing particular to say to the latter personage, and such a parade did he make of the absence of all sinister design in this little arrangement, that his palpable and clumsy finesse created the very surmises it was intended to prevent, the servants wondering what their masters could

have to say that required so much secrecy, and the guests naturally distrusting their exclusion from full confidence, when they were all partisans in the same perilous undertaking.

The worthy Baronet, however, who thought he had accomplished a truly Machiavelian manœuvre, returned to Sir William winking, and looking as cunning and as knowing as the frank and open honesty of his countenance would allow him. "There they go! there they go!" exclaimed he: "The simple rogues little think how finely I have bamboozled them. I played the old fox, and gave them a touch of the deep one there, didn't I?"—Here he laid his finger on one side of his nose, and made such an irresistible attempt to twist his blunt features into a sly expression, that Sir William could not refrain from a smile.

"Adzooks!" cried Sir John, "I'm right glad to see ye snigger, for you have been looking as woe-begone as Praise-God Barebones,

the canting leather-seller of Fleet Street. Psha ! man ; every thing is going on well. We have killed one red-faced Nell to day, and if I get within stone's throw of the other, I will not let him off so cheap as I did before."

" Before !" exclaimed his companion, " what are you alluding to ?"

" Why, hark ye, Sir William, it 's a secret I wouldn't imprudently divulge to any one, because it might occasion me to lose my head ; but you have, doubtless, heard long ago of his carriage being broken by a brick-bat, thrown at him from the top of a house in the Strand, as he was returning from a grand dinner, at Grocers' Hall, on an Ash-Wednesday."

" I remember the occurrence," said Sir William, " and the great hubbub it excited, but I believe they never discovered the author of the insult."

" If they had," continued Sir John, " I should not now be riding through Ashdown forest, for

'twas I who gave him that dessert, by way of letting him know that he should fast instead of feasting on an Ash Wednesday. I could not help it, upon my soul, Sir William. I was lying sick in bed, as who could help being sick in such distempered times, when I was disturbed by the noise of his returning procession ; and hurrying to the window to learn the cause, I could not resist the temptation of throwing a brickbat at the rascal's head. You could not yourself have resisted it, Sir William ; I am sure you could not."

"I rather think I should," replied his auditor, calmly ; "but how did you escape discovery ? "

"Suspicion luckily attached itself to the next house, and when the two or three officers who came to the sick gentleman's apartment, as mine was termed, found me ill in bed, and received my assurance that not a soul had entered my

room, they very obligingly took their departure, and I heard no more of the matter."

"I recommend you, however," said Sir William, "neither to repeat your experiment nor your present confession, for both might be equally dangerous, if the Protector——"

"A fico for the Roundhead rogue!" interrupted Sir John.—"I hope he will soon be in our power. He has had one tumble from his seat while riding in his coach and six round Hyde Park, with his wife Joan\* beside him, and his Secretary Thurloe in the boot; and I hope we shall presently overset him from the car of government, and make him ride in a different vehicle to Tyburn, that we may verify the Ballad—

\* Such was the nick-name invariably bestowed by the Cavaliers upon Cromwell's wife, though her real name was Elizabeth. The accident alluded to occurred in July 1654. The pistol, which the Protector always carried in his pocket, went off, but with his usual good fortune he escaped all injury.



‘ Every day and hour hath show’d us his power,  
But now he hath show’d us his art ;  
His first reproach was a fall from his coach,  
His next will be from a cart.’

When the old King’s statue was thrown down from the gallery at St. Paul’s, it alighted, I remember, upon its feet, which was accepted as a good omen that his family should still stand firm to the last ; but if this pestilent image of a king be once fairly tumbled down, I will take good care that he shall not fall upon his feet ;—and I hope before we hunt another of his red-nosed namesakes, that we shall have hauled down the original by a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together.”

Sir John now informed his companion, who was a steady listener, though a shy talker, that by the latest accounts from St. Malo’s, the King was quite ready to embark with an army under the Count de Marsin, the Prince de Conde’s general, who has been lately honoured with the order of the Garter ;—that Colonel Russel,

Mr. Mordaunt, and the principal Royalists, as well as the chief citizens of London, were prepared to rise the moment a landing should be effected; that the Usurper, as he termed him, could not depend upon the support of his own army beyond two or three regiments; and finally, that the prospects of the King and the Royalists never looked more pleasant and promising. His imagination carrying the sanguine baronet to the successful consummation of their enterprise, and the celebration of their victory over a cup of hippocras or Gascoigne wine, he began to express his triumph in the usual way, by singing with a lusty voice:—

“ Now we ’re met in a knot, let ’s take t’ other pot,  
And chirp o’er a cup of nectar;  
Let ’s think on a charm, to keep us from harm,  
From the fiend and the foul Protector.

“ Heretofore at a brunt, a cross would have done ’t,  
But now —————”

There he abruptly broke off in the middle of

his song, and as suddenly stopped his horse upon hearing the distant report of a piece of ordnance. After a minute's interval, a second sounded, when his face, which had been all the time gradually reddening, coloured up to a most fiery and portentous glow, as he ejaculated,—  
“Ud's Sacrament! it 's the two falconets a-top of Brambletye!”

“It did indeed sound like two drakes, or some of those smaller pieces of artillery,” observed Sir William—“but what of that? they may be exercising the troops at East Grinstead.”

“East devil!” exclaimed Sir John petulantly, —“it came from Brambletye; I can swear to the sound of the falconets, and I ordered them to be fired only in case of discovery, or of any sudden attack upon the house.”

“God be good unto us!” cried Sir William, —“then we are betrayed—I was always afraid of this;” and he turned as pale as his companion was crimson.

“ We may still be in time to lend a helping hand,” cried Sir John. So saying, he clapped spurs to his steed, and galloped forwards, followed by the appalled Sir William, who was rather anxious to learn the real nature of the danger, than disposed to share in any quixotic enterprise for the relief of Brambletye if it were beleaguered. They had proceeded in this way for some time without exchanging a single word, so completely were they both absorbed by their different apprehensions, when they unexpectedly encountered Nick Groombridge, from whom they presently learnt the imminent jeopardy in which Brambletye House was placed, and in which its owner and his associates threatened to be ultimately involved.

“ If this be the case,” said Sir William, “ we may be sure that the whole plot is discovered, and it would be madness to proceed. I dare say, warrants are already out for our apprehension, and we have nothing to do but to consider

the best method of effecting our escape, for there will be instant and hot pursuit. Have you prepared in any way for this unpleasant emergency?"

"Ods heart! Sir William, I never gave it a thought:—have *you*?" "I have already been once in custody," replied Sir William, "and as I have no wish to wear the stone doublet a second time, I have anticipated this dilemma, and have already arranged a little plan for my escape."

"The deuce you have! what is it?"

"It is only calculated for one," replied Sir William, drily.

"And you have doubtless provided a place of immediate concealment—where is it?"

"If I were to mention it, it would no longer deserve that name."

"Humph!" ejaculated Sir John, in a pettish and disappointed voice; "and what then do you recommend *me* to do?"

“There is but one rule in these cases,” answered Sir William, “which is to separate immediately, that each may have the better chance of escape, and not more than one at a time fall into the hands of our pursuers, if we are destined to be taken, from which, however, Heaven preserve us both !”——With these words he turned his horse’s head, and struck at a sharp pace into the forest, influenced to this unceremonious proceeding not less by the natural distrust of his character, than by his firm conviction that the discovery of their plot was mainly attributable to the intemperate sallies and fool-hardy conduct of Sir John, against whose active participation in their measures or counsels he had always vehemently protested.

The latter would probably have vented his indignation at this desertion in no very temperate terms, but that his thoughts, ever more intent upon the safety of others than upon his own, reverted painfully to them of his household, who

might have become compromised by his recent proceedings, and he determined, at all events, to proceed towards Brambletye House to see what could be done towards their extrication. He was already in the immediate vicinity of Withyham Bridge, where the Protector's troops had halted upon their advance, when a horseman bursting through the bushes, galloped towards him, and as Sir John never hunted without pistols, and concluded the fellow to be hurrying forwards to apprehend him, he levelled his weapon, and had almost pulled the trigger ere he discovered that it was Serjeant Whitaker, who was coming to seek out his master and share his dangers. Having learnt from him the surrender of Brambletye House, and that the warrant of apprehension was directed only against himself, he spurred into the thick covert, away from the high road, and called a council of war with his two faithful retainers. Whitaker had nothing to advise or propose, except

that he should accompany his master whithersoever he might go. Sir John thanked him heartily for this new proof of his devotedness to his person, but knew his blunt reckless character too well to select him for an office that required the utmost wariness and circumspection. —“ No, no, Whittaker,” he exclaimed, “ you are as bad a one as myself at enacting any thing with a double face, and I cannot pronounce a more perfect disqualification.”

The serjeant was therefore entreated to take charge of Jocelyn's safety, of whose arrest they were all ignorant. For this purpose he was provided with money, and instructed to convey him to the house of a relation in London, to whose present custody he might be confidently entrusted; while Sir John, at Groombridge's recommendation, once more turned his weary horse's head into the forest, and guided by his companion, slowly made his way to a spot called Peppingford Warren, situated in the



loneliest part of that unfrequented and thickly wooded tract. Here, in a miserable hovel, run up for the occasional accommodation of the warrener, without bed, provisions, or light, the vexed and indignant, but still stout-hearted Sir John, arrived towards the close of day, and prepared to take up his quarters for the night. Groombridge promised to revisit him before day-break with supplies of all sorts, as well as to concert measures for his future disposal; when, having recommended him to fasten the door, and not answer should the cottage be hailed by any chance-wanderer, of which he said there was but little apprehension, he wished his master good night, and took his departure.

Left to his solitary, and, what he considered worse, his thirsty, meditations, Sir John had full leisure to weigh the difference between sitting at the head of his own festive board, as proprietor of Brambletye House, to quaff Gascoigne wine of his own importation; and his

present disconsolate plight, which condemned him to become a ruined wanderer and exile, if he were even fortunate enough to save his head from the formidable clutch of the man whom he detested above all others breathing. Wrath against this obnoxious individual predominated over every feeling of his own immediate losses and prospective perils. Utterly forgetting the conspiracy in which he had been engaged against the life of the Protector, he could think of nothing but the portentous prodigy that such a man should be enabled to convert him, Sir John Compton, of Brambletye House, into an outlaw; and the monstrous iniquity of his presuming to exercise this formidable power. "And all this outrageous injustice," he ejaculated to himself, "to be perpetrated against me by a canting Roundhead-brewer of Huntingdon,"—for so the Royalists delighted to call him, though there was no authority for the averment, and no disgrace in it if true.—"A murrain seize Sir

Ralph Hopton," he continued, "for not doing his business effectually, when he first rode over him, and unhorsed him at the battle of Horn-castle, and then knocked him down as he was rising: and a pize upon my own clumsy arm for not better aiming the brickbat which I threw at his head from the top of the house at St. Clement's! That we should all be trampled upon, too, by a crop-eared poltroon, who refused to head his regiment in a charge at the battle of Marston Moor, and suffered Crawford to do it for him, because he had been singed in the neck by the priming of one of his soldier's pistols! 'Sblood! who would have thought a few years ago,—let me see,—it can't be above seventeen or eighteen—ay, I recollect Sir Philip Warwick telling me, the same year the Scotch army first came into England, that upon his entering the House of Commons, he saw a fellow speaking, or rather squeaking, in a harsh untuneable voice, who looked as clownish as a Yorkshire

tike; his hat without a hatband; his sword stuck close to his side, like a carpenter's rule; and his face as red and swoln as a drunken crowder's. That such a crop-eared cub as this should eject the lion, and come to be King of England! However, Rowley is at St. Malo's, and will presently come over with his Mounseers to set matters to rights, and send the usurping knave to hold his last court at Tyburn."

With this comfortable assurance, Sir John having ensconced himself as well as he could in a crazy arm-chair, the only one in the hovel, and stretched out his legs upon a wooden stool, began to nod his head, and to hum to himself in a low voice—

" The Dippers and Ranters, and Scotch Covenanters,  
That brag of their faith and their zeal,  
May abound in their feignings,—I'll make no complain-  
ings,

Nor will I their secrets reveal.—

The poor Cavaliers that still live in fears  
Of prison and sequestration,

Tho' they keep Christmas-day, are more honest than  
they ;  
But honesty's quite out of fashion."

After completing the verse, his head dipped downwards with a deeper inclination, and he continued mumbling to himself at increasing intervals, and in more indistinct tones, "Round-head rascal!—Brambletye!—Flask of Hippocras!—Yoicks, Tally ho!—At him Rowley!—Red-nosed Noll!—No wine!—Devilish dry!"—when he finally fell asleep, and snored in a manner which would presently have convinced any of the chance-wanderers to whom Groombridge had made allusion, that the hovel was not untenanted. Fortunately, however, none such approached, and there were no other listeners to his midnight melody than the lonely forest and the silent moon.

## CHAPTER IV.

" Good tidings, my Lord Hastings, for the which  
I do arrest thee, traitor ! of high treason."

SHAKESPEARE.

ACCORDING to his promise, the warrener presented himself at the hovel by dawn of day, while Sir John was yet snoring in his chair ; and after repeated raps upon the wall with his cudgel, succeeded in breaking his slumbers, and getting him to open the door. Imagining himself at first to be in a dream, the worthy Baronet rubbed his eyes, and stretched and stared upon his summoner with a look of most perplexed and vacant wonderment, from which his sensations of hunger and thirst, and the sight of the refreshments in Groombridge's basket,

seemed to arouse him much more rapidly than could have been effected by any deliberate effort of the memory, Eagerly assisting in placing the viands upon a low shelf, for there was no table in the room, he fell to work with an activity proportioned to his long fast, and had despatched a rabbit-pie, which the warrener's wife had manufactured for their own Sunday dinner, together with the contents of a stone bottle, which proved to be a strong malt-liquor, called Double Bub, ere Groombridge had half completed his story of the alarm which had been created through the whole country by the discovery of the arms and the conspiracy;—of the calling out the troops at East Grinstead;—of the meeting that was talked of to prepare a loyal address to the Protector;—and of the hot pursuit which had already commenced through the neighbourhood of Brambletye for the arrest of its proprietor. “Well now, honest Nick,” exclaimed the Baronet, smacking his lips, after

finishing the last draught of the bottle, "you may tell me the whole of that story over again from the beginning, for the devil a word have I been listening to from first to last. Couldn't help it, Nick, upon my soul; too hungry to think of any thing else; but you may spout away now as long as you like, and I'll pay every attention to what you say, while I am just finishing my breakfast upon this nice bread and cheese."

Nick patiently recapitulated all the news he had picked up, and all the dangers with which Sir John was surrounded, ending with an earnest recommendation that he should not think of moving from his present hiding-place, till some plausible scheme had been devised for his escape. For the purpose of putting his pursuers upon a false scent, he proposed riding Sir John's horse, which had been left tethered in the immediate neighbourhood, to the opposite extremity of the forest, taking care to leave him in



the vicinity of some place, where he would be shortly found and recognised. He rightly conjectured that the earliest and the most active hue and cry would be towards the coast,—to which point the Royalists generally directed themselves upon similar emergencies, for the chance of obtaining a passage to France or Flanders. To favour the supposition that his master had followed their example, he took advantage of the darkness to ride his hunter in that direction as far as he dared venture, when he left him on the high road, and bent his way back to his own cottage, choosing the most unfrequented paths, so that he did not reach home till the sun had been some time risen. After a short repose, he returned to the hovel with a fresh supply of provisions, and was heartily welcomed by Sir John, who had been little accustomed to solitary imprisonment, and began to complain bitterly of its irksomeness. Unable, however, to deny the prudence of submit-

ting to it for a few days, until the first ardour of pursuit should have become a little cooled, he consented to prolong his confinement for that period, at the expiration of which it was proposed that he should assume some disguise, and endeavour to make his way to Brighthelmstead, then a miserable and obscure fishing-town, and the same from which the King had embarked after the unfortunate battle of Worcester. Groombridge suggested that as passes were now required for all travellers wearing a respectable appearance, he had better dress himself in a beggar's weeds and wallet, and begin his qualification for the character by cutting off all his hair, which, according to the cavalier fashion, he wore flowing down to his shoulders.

“Cut off my hair!” cried Sir John, indignantly; “become a crop-eared rascally Round-head! I had rather the canting knaves should take me at once and cut my head off.”

Groombridge, however, reminding him, that

according to what he had heard tell, King Charles himself, after the fight of Worcester, had cut off his long hair, and buried it, together with his buff jacket and linen drawers, under the oak tree in which he concealed himself, Sir John felt all his scruples removed by so exalted an authority, and submitted to the operation forthwith, though not without venting an oath or a malediction against the rebels and Puritans for almost every lock that fell to the ground. The disguise had been procured and put on; his old habiliments, in imitation of the royal example, had been committed to the earth; his beard was suffered to grow; and he had reached the last evening but one to which he had limited his incarceration, when, in the absence of Groombridge, and in the impatience of a confinement that cramped both his mind and body, he determined to venture out a little way in the dusk, just to stretch his legs, and breathe the fresh air. So renovating did he find the evening

breeze, and so delightful was the sensation of recovering the free use of his limbs, that his spirits became instantly exhilarated, and he strolled rather farther than he had at first contemplated, feeling no small confidence in his mendicant rags, and humming to himself, as he snapped his fingers at the thought of the King's soon landing with an army,

“ He that is a Cavalier,  
Need not repine,  
Tho' his substance grow so very low,  
That he can't drink wine.  
Sing Vive le roi !

“ He that is a trusty Roger  
And will serve his King,  
Altho' he be a tattered soldier,  
Yet will he skip and sing.  
Sing Vive le Roi !”

Either to suit the action to the word, or to give his stiffened legs a more vigorous relaxation, he was practising a hop, step, and jump along the grass, when he obscurely perceived a dark figure moving rapidly away from him, and

at the same time heard the well-known accents of the black ghost, as he termed her, ejaculating—"The Lord shall deliver up the ungodly into the hands of the enemy!"—Startled by this unexpected apparition, and deeply feeling the necessity of concealment, his first impulse was to retire; but reflecting for a moment that the party, whoever it might be, had probably been near enough to discover him from his voice, he resolved to make one more effort at securing the form that thus perpetually haunted him, and endeavour to clear up the mystery of its appearance. For this purpose he rushed rapidly forwards in the direction it had taken; but the darkness had now deepened; nothing was to be seen or heard, and the object of his pursuit eluded his grasp as easily as it had done upon former occasions. Had he been at all disposed to indulge the notion of supernatural visitants, the circumstances might well have warranted him; but he felt persuaded that he was dogged by some persevering spy, although he could not ac-

count for the facility of its escape ; and in this belief he saw the necessity of immediately decamping from his present lair, and making the best of his way to some other part of the country.

Availing himself therefore of the darkness, and without waiting the appearance of Groombridge, he returned to the hovel, filled his wallet with such viands as were left, secreted some broad-pieces of money in the lining of his leathern gambadoes, took a stout staff which had been provided for him, and trudged briskly through the forest in the direction of the coast. When the morning broke, he found himself a good many miles distant from Peppingford Warren and its sorry tenement, and deeming it advisable to travel as little as possible in the daytime, he laid himself down in a lonely gravel-pit, and slept soundly till the afternoon. As soon as he awoke, he applied himself to the contents of his wallet, and as his appetite, which

never failed him, had been little accustomed to restraint, he thought not of husbanding his resources, but despatched all his store at one breakfast. He had some small money, however, in his pocket for procuring a new supply, which he thought might more safely be accomplished in the evening; at which time accordingly he ventured for the first time upon the high road, hoping to encounter some village shop or ale-house that might furnish him what with he wanted.

After having proceeded a few hundred yards, looking up and down with a scrutinizing eye, he observed a pedlar, with a box at his back, and a pipe in his mouth, who had, apparently, struck into the high-way from a cross-road behind, and was advancing at a stout pace, that threatened soon to overtake him. Not over-anxious to enter into colloquy with any one, and particularly with a man whose station in life, so nearly milar to that which he had himself assumed, would not only warrant his opening a conversation, but

might perhaps enable the stranger to discover that he was conversing with an impostor, Sir John mended his pace, hoping to outstrip and distance his follower. But the sturdy fellow stepped out with such a vigorous stride, that he soon saw it would be impossible to avoid being overtaken, unless he fairly took to running, which might only excite suspicion, and not the better enable him to carry his point. To dart out of the high road, which he had for a moment meditated, was liable to the same objection; and he therefore resolved to slacken his pace, affect *nonchalance*, and give this resolute tramper an opportunity of passing him. Happening to recollect a fragment of a song that was applicable to his present ostensible calling, he carelessly trolled, just as he heard the footsteps behind him,—

“ I am never the better which side gets the battle,  
The Tubs or the Crosses, what is it to me ?  
They 'll never increase my goods or my cattle,  
But a beggar 's a beggar, and so he shall be.



To the wedding, the wedding, the wedding go we.  
To the wedding a begging, a begging all three."

"Hey ! my merry master of the wallet," cried the pedlar coming up, "art crowing the sun to bed instead of to rise ? I thought songs were out of fashion now-a-days ; but an you're for tagging ballads I'll top you till the moon rises,—ay, and like yourself, in the way of my own trade.

'Come buy, you lusty gallants,  
These simples which I sell ;  
In all our days are none like these  
For beauty, strength, and smell.  
Here's the king-cup, panzy, violet,  
The rose that loves the shower,  
The wholesome gilliflower,  
Both the cowslip, lilly,  
And the daffodilly,  
With a thousand in my power.'

And so now, my chirping chum,\* tune up another stave, and a whiff of tobacco ! for the Act against ballad-singers."

Well pleased with the merry humour of the pedlar, but not at all disposed to encourage a familiarity which might be attended with dan-

gerous results, Sir John declared, with as forbidding an expression as he could assume, that he had no more songs to sing; and that, if he had, he felt no inclination to bandy them with a stranger."

"Nay, comrade," cried the pedlar, "never look so glum, but let us crow while we can :

'Hey down derry ! Ho derry derry !

Hi ! mistress Mary ! I pray you be merry'—

for it's hard the cock may not stretch his throat to-day, when he is liable to have his neck twisted to-morrow."

Not a little alarmed at this suspicious remark, of which, however, he determined to take no notice, Sir John preserved silence, and slackened his pace, hoping that his companion, who had previously appeared to be in such a hurry, would move on. In this expectation he was disappointed : the pedlar lounged along by his side, apparently quite at his ease, and stood still when the Baronet did the same, as if determined not to be shaken off.—"Harkye friend," he at length ex-

claimed to Sir John, in a half whisper, "if you are lagging hereabout upon the sly, and wish to mill a gentry cove's ken, or curb any snappings, such as a lage of dudes, a Margery prater, or a Tib of the Buttery, you may as well take me for your Warpe, for I know of a Sterling Ken hereabouts, where we may get some rare Ruff-peck, and plenty of Rome-bowse.\*

"I understand nothing of your pickpockets' cant," said Sir John indignantly.

"What! a beggar and not understand your own dictionary!" replied the pedlar.

"The late times have made many such," continued Sir John, "who were never born to that condition, and are consequently unversed in its mysteries."

"True, indeed!" ejaculated the pedlar with

\* Signifying in the thieves' slang of that day—"If you wish to rob a gentleman's house, or pilfer any goods, such as a buck of clothes, or a hen, or a goose, let me be your spy, for I know of a receiving-house for our plunder, where we may get bacon and wine."

a deep sigh, at the same time fixing his eyes upon the ground, and appearing to be lost in a profound reverie, a temporary abstraction of which Sir John availed himself to dart forward once more, with a velocity that almost amounted to a run. But his tormentor was presently again at his side, exclaiming—"Nay, if you are for a match, here goes for a quart of ale, and we will cheer the way with a song. How runs the old catch?

' The monk then threw his cowl  
From off his shaven poll,  
And he tuck'd up his frock, Sir John, Sir John;  
If you wish to run a race,  
Be this the starting-place,  
And the devil take the hindmost, Sir John, Sir John.'

"Pester me no longer, sirrah pedlar, with your saucy Sir Johns," cried the Baronet stopping short, and looking fiercely at his companion,—"trudge one way or another, good-man gallows-bird, and leave me to myself, or I may chance to switch your shoulders with my sap-

ling, which, as you may see, can leave a pretty legible mark."

"Nay, I did but carol an old song," cried the pedlar, "and why should we not trudge on quietly together; for you are bound; as I suspect, to the coast."

Starting and colouring deeply at this broad insinuation that he was discovered, Sir John determined to try at an escape by a *ruse de guerre*, and accordingly exclaimed with a feigned astonishment—"The coast! then the lying knave of an innkeeper has misdirected me: I am bound for Tunbridge, and find I am wandering from my way!" So saying, he faced to the right-about, when the pedlar did the same, declaring that "all places were alike to him, and that he had long intended to visit Tunbridge, where there was generally a good demand for his commodities." In this manner he kept teasing and tormenting his victim for some time, without being explicit enough to

allow him a plausible pretext for shaking him off or knocking him down; just as one sometimes sees a gad-fly almost goading an ox to madness, by so directing its attacks as to be beyond the reach of either its tail or its horns.

Driven at length to a stand, and putting himself in a menacing posture, the wrathful Sir John roared out—" 'Sblood! fellow,"—when the pedlar, calmly interrupting him, exclaimed—" 'Sblood is an oath, and you are liable to a penalty under the Act for the better preventing and suppressing of the detestable sins of prophane swearing and cursing.'

"And if it be," rejoined Sir John, thrown off his guard by the cool assurance of his companion, "I have paid my twenty-shillings before now for the same offence, and care not if I live to do it again."

"Twenty shillings!" ejaculated the pedlar—"why, a lord forfeits but thirty, a baronet or a knight twenty, an esquire ten, a gentleman

six and eightpence, and all inferior persons three and fourpence ; the whole to be doubled for the second offence : so runs the Act. Zooks ! you are not a baronet, are you ?”

Convinced of his being discovered from the sly look and ironical tone that accompanied this question, Sir John now prepared to try conclusions with his beleaguerer, and see whether he could not part company by throwing him fairly into the ditch ; when the pedlar stepped back, and assuming a more dignified manner, exclaimed with a smile,—“ Forgive me, my dear Compton, for such I instantly knew you to be by your bluff and hearty voice—forgive me for thus trifling with your feelings, but I was anxious to ascertain the security of my disguise, and prove whether these pedlar’s trappings and my borrowed slang would effectually supersede the quondam Marquess of Ormond.”

“ My lord of Ormond !” cried Sir John, scrutinizing him with his eyes—“ Body o’ me !

and so it is ! who would have thought it ? And yet I should have presently found you out, but for your feigned voice."

" Which may show you the necessity, Sir John, of disguising your own. You must take up the beggar's whine as well as his wallet, and quote Lazarus and scraps of Scripture if you look for alms and broken victuals."

They now retired to a hollow copse, unexposed to observation from the high road, where the Marquess stated that he had been sent over by the King to take the command of the intended Rising, but that, as soon as he had learnt the detection of the conspiracy, he had disguised himself and left London, not expecting the Protector would be complaisant enough to give him a second opportunity of escaping.\*

\* Upon a former occasion, when the Marquess was in London plotting for the King, Cromwell was generous enough to send him word by Lord Broghill, that he knew of his being in town, as well as the objects of his visit. The Marquess took the hint as it was intended, and made his escape.



He proceeded to inform Sir John that a proclamation had been issued, ordering all Royalists within a circle of twenty miles round London, to withdraw themselves; and among other numerous arrests, told him that his kinsman Sir William Compton, and his neighbour Sir William Clayton, had both been sent to the Tower. "What, old Clayton nabbed!" cried the Baronet, "in spite of all his crafty plans and preparations;—why then, since the wary fox falls into the pit when the blind buzzard blunders over it, there may be some chance of my own escape."—He was dejected, however, at the intelligence, and still more so at learning that the King would doubtless abandon the projected landing, now that the plot had so unfortunately exploded in England. From public affairs they proceeded to discourse of their own, and both agreeing that their sole chance was to make for the coast, where a few pieces of gold would, in all probability, get them con-

veyed in a fishing-boat to France, they determined to travel on together, Sir John shrewdly remarking that two heads were better than one, especially such a one as his own.

Unfortunately the Marquess was in a still worse plight than Sir John as to provisions, having tasted nothing that day, and complaining, as he started up to proceed, that he found the rope across his chest, and the pedlar's box at the end of it, not quite so light or pleasant to carry as the blue ribbon and George to which he had been accustomed. "Zooks!" cried the good-natured Baronet, "let me then have a spell of it, for I have had a hearty breakfast: and as to the weight, I have made little of carrying a buck across my shoulders before now." So saying, and without listening to the Marquess's protestations, he hastily relieved him from his burthen, which he slung at his own back, giving his stout staff in exchange; and thus accoutred they regained the high-way, for

the pressing and indispensable object of replenishing their exhausted larder.

Scarcely, however, had they proceeded two hundred paces, when, upon a sudden turn of the road, they unexpectedly came upon a straggling party of dragoons, whose leader had no sooner caught a glimpse of them than he clapped spurs to his horse, galloped up, and hastily dismounting seized Sir John roughly by the collar, crying out—"So ho, my lord pedlar, have we found you at last? Here is the blue box at his back and the bunch of roses painted upon the lid, exactly as it was described to us. I know you, my Lord of Ormond, and I arrest you in the name of his Highness the Lord Protector. And who is this shabby chough by your side? another of the plotters and malignants?"

With a promptitude of thought, rather in unison with the generous kindness of his heart than the customary singleness of his apprehension, Sir John had determined, while his an-

tagonist was making this speech, to favour the mistake by substituting himself for the Marquess, and adopt a line of conduct which might at least enable one of them to escape. Before the latter, therefore, could make any attempt at explanation, he exclaimed to the officer—"I surrender myself, Captain, and demand civil treatment and safe escort to London. This sturdy bumpkin with the bludgeon had already discovered and made me his prisoner, in expectation, I suppose, of the reward, but as he threatened to expose me to some of his fanatical crew at Lewes, to which place he was conducting me, I am not sorry to fall into better hands."

The remainder of the party, who had now rode up, not in the least desiring a participator either in the honour or probable profit of the arrest, drew their swords, and refusing to hear one word that the Marquess had to utter, drove him away with many opprobrious epithets; after which they hastily mounted Sir John behind

one of their body, and set off with their prisoner at a brisk pace.

Nothing could exceed the astonishment of the Marquess, accustomed as he was to all the strange turns and vicissitudes of war, at his own marvellous escape in this unexpected adventure, and the adroit promptitude of Sir John, which indeed seemed much more surprising than the magnanimity of the action. That he should desert one who had just made such a noble sacrifice for his safety, was utterly inconsistent with the character of the Marquess of Ormond; he determined, therefore, to abandon his first design of making for the sea, and remain concealed in the country, with the intention of offering himself to the Protector in exchange for Sir John, should the latter be ultimately brought to trial, or exposed to any serious jeopardy.

## CHAPTER V.

"He might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape."—SHAKSPEARE.

AFTER the ebullition of the first generous impulse which had stimulated Sir John to surrender himself for the preservation of a life which he knew to be twice as valuable to the King's cause as his own, his reflections assumed a somewhat dreary and disconsolate cast. He could not think without compunction upon the destitute and unprotected situation of his only child Jocelyn, abandoned to himself at a tender age, and in convulsive times, which had too often violently severed the closest bonds of friendship, and occasioned the nearest claims of

consanguinity to be utterly disregarded. Brambletye House with its sports and luxuries, its tempting store of stags without, and French wine within, rose regretfully to his memory; while it fretted and galled his inmost soul to consider that, so far from enjoying the triumph he had anticipated, and witnessing the restoration of the King, it seemed more than probable that he would himself fall a sacrifice to a set of men whom he mortally hated, and never designated in any other terms than as a gang of hypocrites, rebels, and regicides. Nor was the conversation of the soldiers by whom he was guarded, calculated to receive any alleviation by the empty honour they conferred upon him in styling him "my lord;" for they discoursed of the different executions at which they had lately been present, those of Gerrard, Vowel, and other Royalist conspirators, whose cases were exactly similar to Sir John's. Some of them even speculated, although in a lower tone of voice,

which he was not intended to hear, upon the place of his suffering; and a half-pound of tobacco was wagered upon the doubtful point whether it would be at Brambletye House, or upon Tower Hill.

The nature of this bet was probably suggested by the production of their tobacco-pipes, an appendage without which they never commenced a march, and which, however contrary to our present notions of discipline, they were even accustomed to smoke when upon duty. All being provided with this solace, they chatted and trotted on for some miles, when Sir John observed that the horse upon which he was mounted, exhausted by so heavy an addition to its burthen, began to drop behind its companions, and exhibit symptoms of distress, although the spur was not sparingly applied. Either to give the animal a minute's breathing time, or more probably to rekindle his pipe, which had become nearly extinct, the soldier



halted, and continued so long occupied in coaxing the tobacco to burn, that when he looked up, his comrades, owing to a curve in the road, were no longer in sight. Angrily dashing his pipe to the ground at this discovery, he clapped spurs to his horse, and the animal plunging forwards and tripping at the same time, came violently to the ground, in such a manner as to entangle and disable the dragoon, leaving Sir John uninjured, and in possession of his liberty. A hope of escape flashing through his mind like lightning, he darted into the wood which skirted the road on either side, and plunged into the thickest cover he could find. Perfectly aware that the rest of the party were only a trifling distance ahead, and already hearing the voice of the fallen dragoon, who was shouting to his companions, he felt that not a moment was to be lost; and the first expedient that occurred to him being the same that was adopted by the King when

flying from Worcester, he climbed hastily up a thick and lofty tree.

Hardly had he ensconced himself amid its closest and most leafy boughs, when the troopers were heard galloping back, and dashing through the underwood beneath, as if their sole chance of success depended upon their speed. An anxious and thrilling stillness succeeded, for in the eagerness of their first burst they were soon out of hearing; but he was by no means confident of his escape, rightly conjecturing that when they missed him in that direction, they would retrace their steps and institute a keener search. After a short interval, accordingly, their voices were again audible, as they returned slowly and dispersedly, beating the bushes, and hallooing to one another. But the shades of night were now closing rapidly around, and though some of them repeatedly approached the spot where he was concealed, he fortunately escaped detection, until the increasing darkness

compelled them to abandon the search. From a word or two that reached his ear, he suspected some of the party had agreed to remain in the wood all night, and recommence their search in the morning; so that all his circumspection, or rather his good-fortune, would still be necessary to effect his final deliverance. So far, however, as it was already accomplished, he felt grateful for an escape as sudden and unexpected as had been his apprehension; nor was he indisposed to indulge anticipations much more cheering than those which had haunted his mind, while bumping along the road behind the dragoon, and listening to a dialogue which perpetually conjured up images of a halter or an axe.

Not having heard a sound of any sort for several hours, he concluded that the soldiers who were to remain as sentries had either fallen asleep upon their post, or planted themselves at some distance, round the outskirts of the wood, with the hope of intercepting his retreat. As

nearly, therefore, as he could calculate, at the hour of midnight, he let himself gently down from the tree, and walking softly over the grass, through the more open spaces of the wood, which he could distinguish by their glimmering light, he reached its extremity without interruption. Here he again paused to listen, deeming it not unlikely that some of the troopers might be patrolling up and down; but the silence remaining unbroken, he ventured into the open space, which proved to be a heath of considerable extent, terminating in an uninclosed field of turnips. In the midst of this dainty fare, for such was it rendered by the urgency of his hunger, he sate down to take his joint dinner and supper, enjoying his hermit's repast with no small satisfaction, and only regretting the absence of one of Nick Groombridge's stone bottles, which would have completed the banquet. In spite of his constitutional hydrophobia, he was fain to seek a draught of Nature's simple element; and

the guggling of a brook directing him to its margin, he laid himself down and drank of the running stream. Though perfectly pure and limpid, it seemed swallowed rather to allay his thirst, than to gratify his palate, for upon rising up he spat distastefully upon the ground, ejaculating—"Sad stuff! sad stuff!—hope I shall never taste it again."

Invigorated by this primitive meal, and gaining additional confidence as he receded from the wood, he now pushed lustily across the country, continuing his career till the morning began to break, when he deemed it prudent to halt amidst a tuft of tall shrubs, and take an observation of the surrounding district, that he might, if possible, ascertain where he was. Here he had not remained long when he was alarmed by the appearance of two rustics making directly towards his place of concealment, and apparently bearing weapons upon their shoulders. They turned out, however, to be labourers with pickaxes, who

after having advanced within thirty or forty yards of his lurking-place, stopped, took off their coats, waistcoats, and hats, which they left upon the ground, and descended into a gravel-pit, where they were no longer visible, though he could still hear the noise of their tools as they busily plied their work. Conscious that his present habiliments would expose him to instant detection should he again encounter any of the soldiers, Sir John looked with a wistful eye upon these more decent, though still sufficiently humble, garments, and resolved to make an attempt at an exchange. Taking off therefore his own tattered trappings, which he made up into a bundle, he crawled to the spot upon his hands and knees, selected the best of the two suits, left a piece of money with his own clothes, more than equivalent to the difference in value, and regaining his covert without discovery, hastily arrayed himself in his new attire.

Again making a considerable circuit, so as to

avoid the gravel-pits, he pushed on briskly for several miles, when imagining himself to be out of immediate danger, he laid himself down on the shady side of a peat-stack, exhausted with his last night's vigils, and slept soundly for seven or eight hours. Upon awaking in the afternoon, he ascended a small eminence before him, and at the distance of two or three miles, beheld a considerable town, which he instantly knew to be Steyning. This was quite sufficient to direct his course in making for the sea, but as he was well aware that the downs yielded no turnips, and felt sundry most importunate and even audible yearnings for a more civilized repast, he resolved to recruit himself at the first public-house, and furnish his wallet, which he had still retained, with a supply for the future.

In pursuance of this resolution, he gained the high road, not sorry to perceive a sign as he advanced, dangling by the way-side, at about a quarter of a mile's distance from the town. Upon

approaching it, however, his satisfaction received a sensible diminution, for it proved to be the Protector's Head, exhibiting a half-length portrait of that celebrated personage, in a formidable suit of armour, with a large celestial eye amid the clouds, whence issued a bright diverging ray, typical of the divine light in which he walked, and which by the time it had reached his head and shoulders, had bedizened them with a most inordinate and glistering glory. Under this flaming signal, in bright golden letters upon a blue ground, was the name of the landlord—"Lovegrace Righteous," his real patronymic having been Wright, to which, by a liberty not unfrequently assumed in those days, he had given what he conceived to be a more Scriptural and euphonous termination.

Revolted at this ostentatious blazoning of the Belzebub of the Regicides, as he not unfrequently termed him, and deeming it of evil augury that he should claim hospitality of any sort



under the head of a man who was at that moment seeking his own, Sir John had at first resolved to pass on, and seek what he wanted in some other inn; but upon reflecting that the one in question would probably be frequented by rigid Roundheads, into whose society he would be little suspected of intruding, he thought he should be safer there than in any other quarters, and decided upon entering it without further hesitation. At a little distance, in advance of the door, stood an important personage, being no other than the aforesaid Mr. Lovegrace Righteous, whose lank ferrety face, and meagre habit of body seemed to afford no justification of the gouty shoe in which one foot was enveloped, though it might have had some share in producing the sour expression of his countenance. According to the fashion of his party, which had procured them the nick-name of crop-eared Roundheads, his hair was clipped quite colse to his poll, upon which was a steeple-crowned hat,

with a brim of most disproportionate width. He wore a sad-coloured cloak and doublet of cloth, the latter cut as close and formal as possible, and both as plain as a pike-staff; his Flemish breeches and hose were black, and his high-quartered square-toed shoes were fastened with large roses of serge. As all "the Lord's people" (such was the title they assumed), were bristling with arms and loyalty since the discovery of the late plot, he had girded a long sword round his loins, by a strap of plain undressed leather, seeming to have as great a horror of lace, decoration, or any shining metal about his person, as a modern Rifleman, whose life depends, in some degree, upon the rigorously dark and sombre hue of his equipments. Without withdrawing his hands from his breeches' pockets, he exclaimed in a sharp peevish voice, as Sir John was making his way to the door—"Stop a bit, my master. What is your business, and what seek you here?"

“ A little bread and cheese and a draft of single beer, so please ye,” replied Sir John, remembering the Marquess’s hint, and assuming, as well as he could, the rustic dialect.

“ Hast copper in thy pouch ?” inquired the landlord somewhat scornfully—“ for many a loitering lozel cometh here, because I am known to be a good Samaritan, and after partaking of my creature-comforts, and the good things of the flesh, payeth me, forsooth, with spiritual coin, such as singing a hymn, or preaching an extempore sermon.”

Sir John showed him a handful of halfpence.

“ Good !” ejaculated mine host, his countenance losing a small portion of its vinegar—  
“ You will find of the best in our kitchen. And what may be your errand this way, my friend, for you are not of Steyning, I trow ? Art one of the brethren of Israel, that would hear the word under our worthy Independent Minister

Dr. Fear-the-Lord Goodenough ? He doth not expound till Friday evening."

Sir John disclaimed any such pious intention, declaring that as he was out of employ, he merely came to inquire for work.

"Say you so, my good friend, and what work canst do? Dost understand any thing of horses?" Sir John declared that he had been accustomed to them all his life; an averment which was literally true, though not exactly as it was understood by his interrogator, who cast up his eyes at the intelligence, ejaculating—"The Lord is good—it is all his doing—he would not suffer his servant to want assistance in the hour of need." He then proceeded to state that he had for some days been seeking an assistant in the stable; his old ostler, Seth, having journeyed up to London, to hear the famous preacher, Hugh Peters, and see the great whale.

In answer to Sir John's inquiry, he informed him that a whale had, in fact, come up the river

as far as Greenwich, where it had been left by the tide ; that numbers of people had flocked out of London to attack it, several of whom had been dangerously wounded in the encounter ; and that it formed the general topic of conversation, many persons considering it ominous and portentous, as it coincided, in point of time, with the discovery of the plot. Although his master had told him that it was but an idle gadding after the calves of Bethel ; Seth, it seems, had no sooner learnt the news, than he declared his resolution to gird up his loins and depart, answering all expostulations with an open mouth, an aghast look, and an ejaculation of, " Yea, it is the great fish that swallowed up Jonah ! "

As nothing could promise a more effectual concealment than the post of ostler at the Protector's Head, and as Sir John wished to let the soldiers quit the neighbourhood before he resumed his wanderings, he scrupled not to accept the appointment, giving up his name, in com-

pliance with a requisition to that effect, as Timothy Hogben.

“Timothy is a good name,” cried the landlord, “it signifieth one who is honoured of God, and Timothy was a good man, although his mother was a Jewess. Little or nothing will you have to do, but just to look after the horses, feed the pigs, tend the cows, take care of the garden, run of errands, clean shoes, and do odd jobs; for the which, as the labourer is worthy of his hire, you shall have good victuals, ay, verily, as much as you can eat. As to vails, they will be unnecessary, since you will pick up plenty from the brethren, more especially on the Friday, when we hold our prayer-meeting. And moreover, you may have the use of Seth’s smock-frock, which is hanging up in the stable.”

After this parade of the emoluments to be derived from his new office, he was ushered into the kitchen, to make his first attack upon the bread and cheese and beer. In a recess of the

little hall, dignified by the name of the bar, he passed the landlord's better half, who well merited that designation, being taller than himself, and somewhat inclined to corpulency. Of a meek and melancholy countenance, she wore her hair combed back from her forehead, and enclosed in a sort of plain close hood, while her dress of Norwich stuff was of the same tristful hue, and fashioned with as much prim and finical homeliness as her husband's. Around her little shrine were shelves of bottles, glasses, and cordials; above her hung a single lemon in a net; and before her was spread a large Bible, a memorandum-book, and a board with chalk. In the first she was reading so earnestly as to take no notice of her new servant as he passed; in the second she entered occasional texts and extracts of Scripture; and upon the third she scored down the different articles that were from time to time called for by a company then recreating themselves in the parlour.

After having despatched a meal that seemed intended to atone for the turnips, as well as to provide against the morrow's contingencies, Sir John was conducted into the stable, and desired to rub down and feed a poney belonging to one of the party in the house, when his master left him. Upon the door of the stable, both inside and out, was pasted the Act against profane swearing and cursing, printed in black-letter, with an engraving of the Commonwealth arms at top, exhibiting the crosses and harp, and the signature of Henry Scobell, the clerk of the Parliament, at the bottom. Taking off his coat and waistcoat, which he thought might put him in jeopardy, should any chance bring their original owner into the neighbourhood, he arrayed himself in Seth's smock-frock, and proceeded to the performance of his duty upon the poney. While thus occupied, he heard the trampling of horses in the road, and upon looking out observed, to his no small consternation, the iden-



tical party of dragoons by whom he had been arrested, the horse upon which he had ridden having its knees bound up, and its rider carrying at his back the pedlar's box, which his captive had dropped in the road at the time of the accident. Drawing up for a moment, they indicated an intention of stopping to drink ; but the officer shaking his head and pointing forwards, they resumed their march, to the infinite relief of Sir John, who had no wish to renew his acquaintance with them, either as the representative of the Marquess of Ormond, or as the proprietor of Brambletye House.

Although a publican, Mr. Lovegrace Righteous was very far from a sinner, if an opinion might be formed from the religious habits of his establishment. Every morning and evening his wife read aloud a chapter of the Bible, to the whole household, after which she delivered a long extempore prayer, composed with much more propriety of sentiment, and correct-

ness of language, than Sir John had anticipated from her station in life. The day after his arrival proved to be Sunday, when instead of increased bustle, and a noisy influx of sabbath-breakers, the house was closely shut up, every stranger being liable to a penalty of ten shillings for being found within the walls of a public house, (a fine to which the landlord was equally exposed), and all travelling being interdicted, whether with boat, horse, waggon, coach, or sedan, except for the purpose of going to church. The sabbath dinner, to which they all sat down together, and which consisted of the various fragments of the week, afforded the landlord a fine opportunity for that extempore spiritualizing in a quaint immeasurable grace, which was then the vogue, and which endeavoured to deduce some appropriate lesson from every individual dish... Thus he desired that the hashed chickens might remind them of Him who would have gathered Hierusalem as a hen gathereth

her chickens, but she would not:—that the mutton might recall King David, who was once a shepherd:—that the veal might put them in mind of the parable of the Prodigal Son, for whose return his father killed the fatted calf,—that the capon might render them mindful of the cock that crowed three times in the hearing of Peter:—that the knuckle of bacon might lead them to think of that herd of swine, into which the devils entered and hurried them headlong into the sea;—and that the fish might remind them of the whale which swallowed the prophet Jonas, as well as of that which had been lately cast ashore at Greenwich, for a prodigy and a portent to the people. From the remains of a lobster were elicited various fanciful allusions to the red-hatted Cardinals, the horns of the scarlet beast of Rome, and the papistical copes and surplices of which the shell was the emblem: and thus having exhausted his own oratory, as well as the patience of Sir John, the

final blessing was pronounced, and the party had permission to fall upon the "creature-comforts" set before them.

There was a maid of all work in the house named Rachael, a plump and comely country wench, though she appeared to be somewhat simple in her understanding, and rather dawdling in her movements. For this latter offence she was so often and so sharply chidden by her master, that his meek wife was sometimes fain to interfere in her behalf, reminding him that she was but a country malkin, who did not yet understand her business, and ought not to be so angrily rebuked, lest like her namesake, the daughter of Laban, she should set up the voice of lamentation and bitter weeping, and refuse to be comforted. She inculcated, moreover, the virtues of patience, long-suffering, forgiveness, charity, and universal love; calling to his recollection that Joshua was the servant of Moses, Elisha of Elijah, Gehazi of Elisha; and finally, that

St. Peter, St. Andrew, and St. Philip, were all the servants of the Saviour, concluding and enforcing her homily with various texts of Scripture, to which her husband seemed to listen with a most impatient resignation.

Notwithstanding these appearances, Sir John had soon reason to conclude, from certain passages he had observed, that there was a perfectly good understanding between the master and the maid, and suspected that all the peevish abuse lavished upon the latter, was merely intended as a blind. He had more than once seen a glass of Dick's cordial slyly handed to Rachael, immediately after one of these fierce scoldings, and exchanged for a kiss.

Lamenting the necessity of staying at home himself on account of the gout, the landlord made a point of sending his wife every evening to the tabernacle; upon which occasions, he was always closely closetted with Rachael, desiring the ostler to mind the house, and call

him if he was wanted. Sir John, indeed, had violent misgivings as to the reality of the gout, which he believed to be merely assumed to afford an opportunity for these clandestine meetings, as upon several occasions, in the absence of his wife, he had seen him utterly forget his hobble.

Other circumstances conspired to give him a complete insight into this man's pharisaical character. He was fond of angling, and having ordered the ostler to collect some worms for bait, they proceeded to the water, when, turning his back, he desired him to put them on the hook, but to be quite sure they were previously dead, as they were all God's creatures, and we had no right to torment them. Although he saw them afterwards wriggling in the stream, he continued this canting strain, inveighing against the cruelty of others, and declaring that he himself was filled with tenderness and ruth, and compassionate even to the worm; for he

was meek and lowly of heart, and knew from the first epistle of St. Peter, who was himself a fisherman, that God giveth grace to the humble. The landlady having once sent Sir John into the cellar to draw some ale, he perceived the conscientious Mr. Lovegrace Righteous filling up the casks from a huge can of water, a circumstance he was desired not to mention, but which, he was told, was absolutely necessary to prevent scandal to the house, the liquor having such an overplus of strength, that one of the Lord's people had become very nearly intoxicated only the day before. As if aware that his conduct required some justification in point of morality, he reminded his auditor that on certain occasions an exception was granted to the common rules of honesty, and even of humanity; instancing the cases of Ehud, Jael, Samson and David, and declaring that he did nothing except for the honour of the saints and the glory of the Lord, whose servant he was, although an unworthy one.

The Baronet was delighted at this confirmation of the hypocrisy with which he loved to brand the whole party, and of which occasional examples were doubtless to be met, as they will be at all periods of spiritual effervescence, more especially when godliness is, in a worldly sense, a great gain. None but a Cavalier, however, would deny that the great body of the Puritans were imbued, even to their heart's core, with a fervent spirit of devotion, and attested by the pure morality of their lives the sincerity of their religious convictions, although they might be fantastically rigid in some of their observances.

Had he been at all disposed to exercise a dispassionate judgment, the Baronet would have at least admitted the landlady's genuine meekness and piety, of which many other equally incontestable specimens were presented on the following Friday, when the prayer-meeting was held at the Protector's Head. This was a *club* instituted for purposes very different from



those by which associations of the same name are now characterised. Its members consisted of the shop-keepers and better sort of artisans from Steyning, together with farmers and millers from the adjacent country, who met every Friday evening for the purpose of seeking the Lord and expounding the Scripture, or, in other words, to pray and preach. For this object, they had selected the Protector's Head, in compliment to the peculiar patronage enjoyed under his government by the Independents, to which sect they belonged. Paying the landlord for the use of his room, they observed a strict fast during their sojourn under his roof, devoting themselves strictly to religious purposes while they remained, and parting as they had met, with a solemn, but by no means a morose or forbidding, decorum. Humble as were the stations in life of this rustic flock, there was a pure and lofty enthusiasm in their worship that exalted them above their sphere, spiritualizing

their nature, and imparting even a character of sublimity to their devotion. Imagining that all the miserable pomp and magnificence of the creature must be utterly insignificant to the Creator, and that his noblest temple was an innocent and devout heart, they swept utterly away from their thoughts all the empty gorgeousness of houses built with hands, while they disclaimed all the dignities and distinctions of an established hierarchy. Every place became instantly consecrated that was devoted to the true worship; every individual was a qualified minister, the moment he became sanctified by grace and blameless in his life. In communing with God, the world and all its vain distinctions were to be altogether put aside; they wished to meet their Creator, as it were, face to face, feeling that in his awful presence the spirit must appear more acceptable in its humility, when it shook off all the tinsel trappings and vain-glorious ceremonies of the flesh.

It was an impressive sight to witness the brethren of this rural congregation converging together from the surrounding country, some on foot, some on little rough poneys, and others on huge cart-horses, all attired in decent, sober garments, of the same general fashion as our landlord's, all wearing long swords or rapiers by their sides, in proof of their resolution to put down the recent plotters against the Government, and all exhibiting the same expression of countenance, only varying from the grave to the austere. From the expected presence of Fear-the-Lord Goodenough, a celebrated preacher of that period, the meeting was unusually numerous, so that Sir John, or Timothy, as he was now called, had enough to do in attending to their horses, and feeding such of them (which, however, constituted but a small portion) as were exempted by their masters from the general fast.

Having accomplished this duty in a manner

that would not have altogether discredited a professional ostler, and feeling a vehement inclination to hear this celebrated preacher, if it were but for five minutes, he betook himself to the open door of the apartment in which the little flock were assembled. It was a large but low room, with two massive beams across the ceiling, a sanded floor, and plain white-washed walls, with a black skirting-board. Over the fire-place hung the before-mentioned act against profane swearing, framed and glazed; on one side of which was suspended Faithorne's allegorical print of Cromwell; between the pillars, on the other, a large sampler, containing the Lord's Prayer, with the name and age of its juvenile embroideress; and around the walls were nailed coarse prints of the twelve apostles, alternating with twelve of the Parliamentary generals, whose names and exploits were printed beneath their portraits. Prayers were concluded, and Fear-the-Lord Goodenough was already

perspiring with the energy of his exertions. He was one of the Boanerges class, one of the sons of thunder, who sought to terrify and shake the very souls of his auditors by the vehemence of his voice and manner, and the harrowing awfulness of his denunciations.

In spite of the quaint phraseology which he affected, and the nasal drawl in which he occasionally indulged, it was not easy to listen to him without catching a portion of his holy enthusiasm, and being absorbed in his discourse. Even Sir John was struck by the scene before him, as he contemplated the stern sectarists, each man sitting in breathless silence, with his sword by his side, and well-thumbed Bible in his hand; every eye rivetted upon the preacher; every countenance varying with the passions which he excited; while the tears, that now and then stole along the furrowed cheeks of the listeners, dropped unnoticed upon their beards, whence they trickled down upon the Bibles that they

held. In conformity to the prevalent practice of spiritualising the occurrences of the day, he alluded to the whale of sixty feet in length, which had come up the river to Greenwich, obviously sent to the great city as a sign and a warning, that like the people of Nineveh when they listened to the preaching of Jonah, they might proclaim a fast and repent of their sins, if they wished to avoid the judgments on the Lord.

After warning them against the various heretics of the day, particularly against those who still sighed for toys and popish trinkets, for altars, images, hoods, surplices, copes, caps, palls, albs, rockets, crosiers, mitres, crosses, and all the traditions, ceremonies, and unsanctified superstitions of Rome, he bade them recall the times when they were persecuted and tormented by the star-chamber, and hunted down by the Archpriest of Lambeth, whom he called a tyrannical Nimrod, a politic Achitophel, a wicked

Haman, a cunning Caiaphas, a juggling Pilate, a bloody-minded Herod, and a persecuting Saul. For this deliverance from the oppressor, with all his proctors, pursuivants, apparitors, officials, advocates, surrogates, and officers of the spiritual and prerogative courts, whose very names stank in the nostrils of the Lord, he called upon them to be grateful. He then proceeded to denounce the use of organs, whose noise he affirmed to be no more pleasing to Heaven, than was the roaring of the bulls of Bashan, when Og their king passed by them in triumph. From all such abominations he warned them to turn aside, if they wished to flee from the wrath of the Lord.—“And do we not deserve his judgments?” he exclaimed, after having expatiated at some length upon this subject—“ay, such an instant and terrible judgment as was inflicted upon those Syrian cities, whose site is now covered by the bitter waters of the Dead-sea ;—do we not, I say, merit such a doom, for

not utterly crushing and extirpating the seed of the old and accursed serpent that is among us? Have we not many in the land who would sting, even unto death, the children of Israel; who would sacrilegiously overthrow the new Jerusalem which we have builded up; and slay with the sword the ruler and the high priest, whom the Lord himself hath set over us? Yea, had we not in this very county; ay verily, within a few miles of our tabernacle, one of the worst of the Canaanites, a Belial, an Ashtaroth, a Satan; one who might well bear the Baronet's bloody hand, since he was for ever plotting to dip his own in the blood of God's chosen saints, and is not his name Sir John Compton?"

"No! you raggamuffin cushion-cuffer!" bel-  
lowed the choleric Baronet, utterly unable to repress his passion, and throwing the hat of one of the company at the head of the preacher. Had an earthquake opened beneath their feet, the party could not have been struck with a



more sudden consternation and amazement. A fiery indignation succeeded. Swords were hastily drawn, and two or three rushed forward to seize him, amid confused cries of, "Smite the blasphemer on the mouth! Strike him dead, even as Ananias was stricken who lied unto God! Pin the Sisera to the ground with a nail through his temples! Down with the Amalekite! Down with the Philistine! Strike him with the sword as Peter struck Malchus!"

Sir John would certainly have been roughly treated, and perhaps dangerously wounded by some of these zealots, who were incensed almost to phrenzy, had not their minister called out in a powerful voice, which drowned every other,—  
"Harm him not,—touch not a hair of his head:—he is delivered into our hands by the Lord, even as Achan was to Joshua, to be consumed for troubling us. Peradventure is he one of the enemies of the Protector; a delinquent, a plotter, and a malignant."

“Search him! search the Moabite!” cried several voices at this suggestion, upon which he was hurried into the next room, where they presently found several broad-pieces and a gold watch concealed in a belt round his body, which were eagerly exhibited as abundant confirmation of their suspicions. At this moment a groom, who had stopped to refresh his horses, and had been drawn into the room by the uproar, exclaimed,—“That ’s Sir John Compton, I ’ll take my oath, that rides the black blood-horse; I ’ve seen him out many a time with the hounds.”—“And lo!” cried one of the company, who was examining the inner case of the watch—“here are the Compton arms, with the initials I. C. beneath them!” A shout of triumph burst from the whole assemblage at this discovery, while several fell upon their knees to return thanks, and confused cries of—“A judgment! a providence! a manifest interference! the visible finger of the Lord! let

him be gibbeted on high like Haman, the plotter against the Lord's people!"

A consultation was now held touching the disposal of their prize, when it was decided to bind him hand and foot, and keep him a close prisoner for the night, (which had already begun to shut in), the whole congregation pledging themselves to meet on the Sabbath morning, and escort him in triumphant procession to the gaol at Lewes, that so they might afford a public irrefragable testimony of the special favour the Lord had vouchsafed to this his chosen flock, in making it the instrument of his just vengeance upon the scorner. Having first seen their captive effectually fettered with cords, hand and foot, they took him up stairs, deposited him in an empty garret, double-locked the door, of which they entrusted the key to the safe custody of the landlord, and then separated to make arrangements for giving as much *eclât* as possible to the grand ceremony of the succeeding Sunday.

Stubborn and stout-hearted as he generally was, Sir John could not avoid being stung with bitter vexation at this fearful reverse in his prospects, aggravated by the consciousness that it was solely attributable to his own fiery temper and ungovernable rashness. It was some alleviation of his former capture that it arose from an act of magnanimity, that he had at least saved his friend by sacrificing himself; but in the present instance he had wantonly given himself over into the power of his enemies without the smallest necessity, without a single extenuating object or excuse; and unfortunately in his present helpless state, pinioned till he could scarcely move a limb, he could not entertain a hope of his deliverance. To add to his annoyances, he was prevented from sleeping by the pain of his fetters, such being the tightness of their ligature, that the flesh began to swell, and his sufferings became acute. In this dreary state of bodily and mental anguish, enduring much, and antici-

pating worse, he counted the clock of Steyning church, till six in the morning, when he heard a key rattling in the lock of his door, which was presently opened, and the landlord made his appearance, bringing some refreshment. His presence produced a strange compromise in the feelings of Sir John, his contempt and hatred of the individual being qualified by the necessity of requesting his assistance in loosening his bandages, a compound impression which found vent after the following fashion—"Harkye, you Roundhead rogue, do prythee be a good fellow for once in your life, and untie these cords a bit; don't you see they are cutting my flesh? Twist them as you list to prevent my running away, but zooks! you crop-eared—I mean my good fellow,—what need to torment me thus?"

"Verily," said the landlord, "though thou art of the Army of the Beast, thou shalt share in the tender mercies of the elect, who will spare thy flesh, that they may offer thee up whole as a sacrifice to the Lord."

“Ha!” exclaimed the Baronet, breathing more freely when the ligatures were a little loosened—“thankye, thankye, friend Righteous! Body o’ me! I’m as much obliged to you as if you had hung yourself, like Alderman Hoyle. Now lookye, you canting, hypocritical—lookye my good friend Lovegrace, I mean; if you have a mind to act like a man of sense and an honest fellow, by cutting these cursed ropes and suffering me to escape, the deuce a syllable will I reveal to the brethren, or to your wife, about the state of affairs between you and Rachael.”

“Rachael!” exclaimed the landlord, his lips becoming livid, and his ferrety face turning to an ashey hue—“what mean you? what have you to say against that virtuous handmaid, who is chaster than Susannah?”

“What I have to say is against yourself,” replied Sir John—“and if you choose not to let me slip halter, which you may easily do without suspicion, I will proclaim to all the world that you are a fornicating rogue, of which I

have abundant proof; reveal your sham gout; and moreover discover to your customers that you replenish your ale-casks with water."

For some minutes the landlord wore that downcast and staggered look which is peculiar to a detected knave, his confusion and guilt preventing any immediate reply; but at length he exclaimed, with an air of recovered confidence—"In vain do you seek mischief as Ben-hadad did. Would you attack one of the brethren in the midst of the fold? Would you attempt to rival Benaiah, who went down and slew a lion in the pit? Even were your slanderer's tales sooth, who would believe them, coming from an attainted traitor, a malignant, an insulter of our chosen minister, a slaughterer of the lambs, and directed against an approved disciple of the pious Fear-the-Lord Goodenough, and an admitted brother of the saints! Absalom! I defy your impious politics! Ananias! I leave you to your lies!"

So saying, he stalked out of the room with a look, meant to express indignant virtue, though it much rather resembled the swaggering of a coward; while such was his energy in freeing himself from the imputation of hypocrisy, that he afforded the best evidence of its truth by utterly forgetting his gouty foot, of which he lost all recollection until he found himself in the presence of his wife. In his hurry, however, he had by no means forgotten to lock the door, and Sir John pinioned and helpless, though relieved from the agony of the over-tightened cords, found himself once more abandoned to his own solitary reflections. It mortified him above all, to be forced to acknowledge the truth of what the roguish landlord had suggested, as to the little credence which he could expect when advancing any thing to the host's disparagement; though he was not less resolved upon attempting the exposure, even should he be massacred for his pains. With some difficulty, owing to the fetters upon his wrists, he ma-



naged to reach and despatch the refreshments ; soon after which repast, exhausted by the last night's sleeplessness, he sunk into a profound slumber.

Evening was beginning to deepen into night, when he awoke, refreshed in body, but still sufficiently forlorn in mind. Again did he sit communing with his own sad thoughts, and counting the clock of Steyning Church, till the hour of midnight slowly and heavily dragged on, and the Sabbath morning commenced, which had been appointed for his conveyance to Lewes gaol. Shortly after this yawning peal had sounded, he heard a noise at his window, as if some person were inserting a tool between the closing of the casement, which after two or three trials was gently forced open. By the dim and glimmering light, he perceived the head of a man, who began to climb up with the apparent object of entering the room, holding in his uplifted hand a large knife. The shudder-

ing Cavalier now gave himself up for lost, taking it for granted that some infuriated fanatic of the Independents was coming to assassinate him as an acceptable sacrifice to the Lord, an atrocity of which there were not wanting examples in that æra of frantic enthusiasm. Indignation succeeding to his first thrilling apprehensions, he exclaimed—"What! ye cowardly cropeared rascal! in cold blood? murder a man, whose arms and legs"—when he was interrupted by the whispering voice of the stranger—"hush, for God's sake!—silence!—thou most passionate and incurable of blunderers!—it is I, the Marquess of Ormond: not a syllable more if you value your life!"

So saying, he entered the room, cut the prisoner's manacles with the knife which he had brought for that purpose, set his legs at liberty by the same means, whispered him that there was a ladder outside the window, and desiring him to follow as quietly as possible, let himself

softly down from the sill and disappeared. It will easily be supposed that Sir John was not slow in obeying, but it will hardly be credited that at such a moment he could dream of executing the hazardous prank we are about to relate. The ladder had been placed close to the sign of the Protector's head, which he had observed to be suspended to the post by a single hook. Stimulated either by a most inopportune love of fun, or by his ungovernable animosity against the original, he paused as he descended the ladder, unhooked the portrait, which he brought to the ground, and taking the knife from the Marquess, in spite of his angry remonstrances, made a hole on each side of his Highness's throat, through which he passed one of the cords wherewith he had himself been bound, and again suspended the picture to a great nail in the post, so that the illustrious personage whom it represented appeared to be hanging by the neck.—“Excuse me,” he exclaimed to the

Marquess, who now began to haul him away by sheer force—"couldn't help it, upon my soul! it was an atonement I owed to my own feelings, for having entered a house with such a rascally sign; but as my conscience is now at ease, I will obediently follow you, my noble and generous deliverer, whithersoever you may command me."

"Why then, o' God's name, let us have no more freaks and fooleries," replied the Marquess; "and hey for Shoreham, with all the speed we can muster! for unless we can reach it before daylight, we may both chance to tumble into worse bilboes than those from which you have just escaped, and suffer in reality the fate which you have so foolishly inflicted upon the Protector's effigy."

After cordial thanks and congratulations had been mutually exchanged, he proceeded to inform Sir John, in answer to his eager inquiries, that when he had been so rudely dismissed by the soldiers, lest he should come in for a share of

the prize offered for his own apprehension, and found himself disabled from enacting the Autolycus by the want of his pedlar's box, which was trotting along the road behind the back of his friend, he had concealed himself by day, and travelled by night, until he reached the sea, where he intended to remain till he could ascertain what was intended to be done with Sir John. "No sooner had I learnt," he continued, "your lucky escape, than I bargained with one Tetersall, a trusty fellow, and the brother of the shipmaster who carried over the King after the fight of Worcester,\* to keep a fishing-smack in constant readiness for our escape; and instantly trudged back towards the forest, upon the wild-goose chase of discovering the run-a-way knight of Brambletye House."

"And by what lucky chance did you stumble upon your goose?" inquired Sir John.

\* The tombstone of the latter, with a long inscription in prose and verse, is still to be seen in Brighton church-yard.

“By one of those capricious freaks of fortune,” resumed the Marquess, “which are never dreamt of till they actually occur. I was concealed in the bushes that overhang a large pond, to which, in your capacity of ostler at the Protector’s Head, you were leading a cropped horse. As it approached the water, the animal trod upon your foot, when you struck it passionately across the face, exclaiming—‘Sblood, you crop-eared Roundhead brute ! must you too trample upon me ?’—Your smock-frock might have deceived me, but your oath and your voice there was no mistaking, from whatever disguise they might have issued. Not having time to make myself known, I watched you back to the inn ; and when the dusk of the evening allowed me to play the respectable part of an eaves-dropper, I placed myself outside the window of the room wherein you were so singularly discreet and considerate, (knowing, I presume, the value of the article,) as to plunge your head into the lion’s mouth.

By the assistance of the window I not only heard, but saw, every thing that passed below ; and from the light in the garret casement, and the hubbub of angry voices, was enabled to ascertain your place of confinement upstairs. A knife, with which I was already provided, and a ladder, removed from a neighbouring hay-stack, completed your deliverance ; if, therefore, you can resist the temptation of getting into mischief for three or four hours longer, I trust we shall be beyond the fangs of Noll and his janisaries, and scudding through the waves for France or Flanders."

" And as to our lands and houses, goods and chattels," cried Sir John, " I suppose we may confidently leave them to the care of Arthur Squib, of Haberdashers' Hall, the ravenous Sequestrator, and his worthy coadjutor, Jack Madden, the Solicitor to the Commission."

" I have perhaps lost a castle and a barony for every acre that can be confiscated from Bram-

bletye," said the Marquess calmly, "and yet I have never uttered a complaint. When the monarch loses his crown and kingdom, the loyal subject thinks not of his paltry privations. *Le bon temps viendra*, when both shall be restored; and in the mean time, he that has preserved his honour is still rich. I have one relic which I would not barter for a principality, and this I have preserved, to be taken from me only with my life, though it is but a small silver ferrule."

"Worth perhaps a whole handful of the new pewter farthings," said Sir John, laughing.

"You will estimate it more highly," replied the Marquess, "when I tell you it was the head of the silver staff which King Charles the First held in his hand upon the first day of his trial. Laying it gently upon Cook's shoulder, the Solicitor General, in order to stop him when he was reading the charge, the silver head fell to the ground; when seeing none to pick it up, he stooped for it himself, and put it in his pocket.



After his murder it came into my possession, nor shall it depart from me in any extremity, unless they cut off the hand that clutches it.— I have cared for nothing else, but my robes, with my ribbon, George and garter, which I have entrusted to a friend in London, on whose fidelity I can depend.”

“And why have you been so careful in preserving these seemingly unimportant trappings?” inquired the Baronet.

“That in case I had been seized, and condemned to the same fate as the noble Montrose,” replied the Marquess proudly, “I might, like him, array myself in the honours conferred upon me by my Sovereign, and exclaim, when about to be beheaded and quartered,—‘I deem it a greater honour to have my head stand upon the prison-gate for this quarrel, than to have my picture in the King’s bed-chamber; and as to my severed limbs, I wish I had flesh enough to send a piece to every city in Christendom,

as evidence of my loyalty to my King and country.' ”

Incited by the disinterested heroism of his companion, Sir John snapped his fingers, declaring he cared not a rush for Brambletye House and its dirty acres, especially as the Marquess was so sanguine of their being all recovered ; and as a proof of his indifference, sang a verse from the song of the Royalist :—

“ We do not suffer here alone ;  
Though we are beggar'd, so's the King ;  
'Tis sin t' have wealth when he has none,  
Tush ! poverty's a royal thing.”

In conclusion, however, he admitted his uneasiness on the subject of the French wine, as well as his unhappiness about the fate of Jocelyn his son, of whom he would most gladly have learnt some tidings before their embarkation.

“ I have eight sons,” said the Marquess, “ all of whom either have or shall peril their lives in the service of the King. If they live,

they will have done their duty ; if they die in such an honourable cause, I would rather have my own dead sons than any other man's living ones."

Not suffering their conversation to interfere with the expedition of their march, they advanced at so brisk a pace, that considerably within the period to which the Marquess had limited Sir John's discreet behaviour, they reached the ancient borough of Shoreham. Upon the outskirts of the town stood the humble cottage of the trusty Tettersall, who was no sooner awakened by the preconcerted signal, (three taps upon his window,) than he hastily arose, and heartily congratulated them upon their having, thus far, accomplished their flight in safety. Suggesting the possibility of his smack being brought to, by some of the Government ships of war, which were keeping a sharp look-out for run-a-ways, he arrayed them each in a fisherman's jacket and trowsers, and taking

a lantern in his hand, for the morning had not yet broken, he conducted them towards the water. Upon arriving at the market-place, he stopped for a moment, and turning to the Marquess gave him a nudge with his elbow, dryly whispering in his ear,—“ Here is something pleasant that concerns your Lordship, of which perhaps you would like to have a peep before we go aboard.” So saying, he hoisted up the lantern, by whose light the Marquess read a proclamation, offering a reward for his apprehension, and giving a minute description of his person and pedlar’s disguise. With a look of egregious satisfaction at his having thus trifled with the feelings of the Marquess, and a hearty ha! ha! ha! as he chuckled at the joke, the honest Tettorsall hurried them forward, assisted them into a wherry, which he rowed out to his fishing-smack anchored at a small distance from the shore, cut the cable, hoisted sail, and by the assistance of a fresh and favourable breeze, the

party were presently scudding rapidly through the waters towards the opposite coast.

As the sun rose, the cliffs from which they were receding, shone forth vividly in the light, encircling the green sea like a belt of white ribbon. Stedfastly and mournfully contemplating the scene until the tears glistened in his eyes, the Marquess at length exclaimed—"Farewell! farewell! thou gay and beautiful island! I could almost weep to think that while thou art pining for the return of thy legitimate Monarch, a miserable base-born usurper is ruling thee with a rod of iron." More sanguine and inspiring thoughts succeeding to this temporary dejection, his countenance brightened as he proceeded in a more animated tone,— "O that instead of flying like a criminal, I were now tilting towards thy shores with a gallant fleet and army, headed by my noble sovereign! O that I were clad in buff and steel, with my King's black feather in my helm, and my own trusty

sword in my hand, once more leading on my troop of true-blue Cavaliers, to clatter our weapons upon the psalm-singing Ironsides of Cromwell! O that I had only my own favourite company of foot-grenadiers, armed with breast and back, and were this moment standing at push of pike against Noll and his whole body guard!"

'Sblood! my lord," cried Sir John,—“never fear but we will have another tough bout with the rascals, and if we cannot get such dainty arms as we have been used to, zooks! we'll attack them without any, as David Waller did, if there be any truth in the song—

‘My friend David Waller in doublet white,  
Without any arms, either rusty or bright,  
Charged through them twice like a little spright,  
Which nobody can deny.’—

And as to our being driven awhile from our country, what signifies it, when every thing in it is turned topsy-turvy, and honest blades like ourselves are left to sing—

“Religion’s a widgeon, and reason is treason ;  
And he that hath a noble heart may bid the world adieu !”

In spite of Sir John’s cheerfulness, who continued singing scraps of cavalier songs, as his spirits rose from the increasing probability of their safe escape, the melancholy of the Marquess increased, for he thought upon the doom of those who had been parties to the plot, and were not likely to be so fortunate as himself in avoiding its fatal penalties ; nor could he discard the painful conviction that all the bright prospects of the royalists were effectually marred for the present, and rendered infinitely less promising for the future. These desponding reveries were suddenly interrupted by such a boisterous and long-continued burst of laughter from Sir John, that he could not avoid asking him the cause of his outrageous merriment. It was some time before his companion could reply, but at length he exclaimed, as the chuckling tears rolled down his cheek,—“I was thinking of the profound

horror and consternation of those crop-eared hypocrites, when they come up with their cavalcade, and not only find the bird flown, but their great idol hanging up by the neck, as he ought to have done long since." So hugely was his fancy tickled at the thought of their fury and hubbub, that he almost cackled and coughed himself into a fit, and was obliged to lean against the vessel's side in a state of utter exhaustion. In these different frames of mind they prosecuted their voyage, and after a quick passage, unmarked by a single untoward occurrence, were safely landed in the then Spanish port of Ostend, where they carried the first intelligence to the King of the dispersion or seizure of his partisans, and the utter failure of their plot.



## CHAPTER VI.

"———'Tis wonderful

That an invisible instinct should frame them  
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,  
Civility not seen from other, valour  
That wildy grows in them, but yields a crop  
As if it had been sow'd."— SHAKSPEARE.

It was fortunate for Sir John's temporary elevation of spirits at his own escape, that he knew not the situation of Jocelyn, whom we left riding towards London, upon his poney, escorted by a party of the Protector's cuirassiers, under the command of Colonel Lilburne. This veteran soldier was neither likely to lose his captive, nor was the latter of an age to make any attempt at his own deliverance, so that they arrived without inter-

ruption of their march, at the military quarters adjoining the old orchard at Whitehall. Here the youth was detained a prisoner in the colonel's house, where he was treated with all due courtesy and kindness, until the orders of Government should be received as to his final disposal. From the indisposition of the Lord Protector, who was confined by sickness at Hampton Court, several days elapsed before he could receive communications, or issue his commands upon the subject. His ministers and agents employed this interval to such advantage in blazoning and aggravating the horrors of the Cavalier-plot, and the illness of his Highness, that the whole country was thrown into a ferment; some rejoicing in the dangers they had escaped, and others apprehensive of the calamities that might ensue, should his complaint assume any fatal complexion. Many who were by no means well affected to his government, or were at least unsatisfied of the right upon

which it was founded, considered him nevertheless as the only person who could preserve public tranquillity; and consequently dreaded his dissolution as the probable signal for universal strife and confusion. Not only had his mighty hand coerced and tamed the furious factions into which the whole country was split, but he had made their antagonistic energies subservient to the advancement of the national power and grandeur; wielding those dangerous materials with as much apparent ease as the modern mechanic, who uses the discordant elements of fire and water to create the stupendous powers of the steam-engine. His wonderful and almost supernatural successes had also convinced many, who were opposed to him in the first instance, that he was appointed to be their ruler by the immediate hand of Heaven.

“What, indeed, can be more extraordinary,” as his eulogist, Cowley, justly asks,—“than that such a man should have the courage to

attempt, and the happiness to succeed in, so improbable a design, as the destruction of one of the most ancient, and most solid-founded monarchies upon the earth? That he should have the power or boldness to put his prince and master to an open and infamous death? To banish that numerous and strongly-allied family? To do all this under the name and wages of a parliament? To trample upon *them*, too, as he pleased; to spurn them out of doors when he grew weary of them; and set up himself above all things that ever were called sovereign in England? To oppress all his enemies by arms, and all his friends afterwards by artifice? To overrun each corner of the three nations, and overcome with equal facility both the riches of the south and the poverty of the north? To be feared and courted by all foreign princes, and adopted a brother to the gods of the earth? To have the estates and lives of three kingdoms as much at his disposal

as was the little inheritance of his father, and to be as noble and liberal in the spending of them?"

Such were the marvellous and dazzling exploits which, combined with the discovery of the plot, inflamed the Protector's numerous partisans with loyalty and alarm. Addresses poured in from the army, as well as from the county-troops and their officers, tendering their lives and fortunes to the defence of his Highness's person and government, against the common and secret enemy; while the city-militia held a general training in Finsbury-fields for the same purpose. Upon the first alarm of a royalist rising, the guards about the palace had been doubled, several forces of the regular horse and foot had been marched into the city liberties; the drums of the train-bands beat to arms, when all the six regiments appeared in harness and kept guard the whole night, being employed in seizing several of the citizens, who were known or

suspected to be implicated in the conspiracy. Nothing in short was omitted that could give publicity and importance to the plot ; and when the Protector's recovery allowed him to receive the numerous addresses it had called forth, nothing was forgotten that could invest the ceremony with a character of impressive and solemn splendour. On account of his still unsettled health, the grand levee was ordered to be held at Hampton Court House, for the name of palace was discarded, although an air of royal magnificence was observable in all the appointments of the place.

On the day appointed for the reception, Colonel Lilburne joined the train, determined to render in person an account of the manner in which he had executed his commission at Brambletye, and demand instructions as to the disposal of his charge, whom he was induced to take with him in the generous hope that his youth, beauty, and spirited demeanour might

influence the Protector to give an order for his liberation. With many cautions to Jocelyn to repress his petulance, and preserve silence and respect before his Highness, they proceeded together in a carriage to Hampton Court, around whose gates were stationed detachments of the Protector's body-guard, and of other favourite regiments, both foot and horse; most of them stern-looking veterans, whose scarred and war-worn countenances offered a striking contrast to the gorgeous freshness of the iron and scarlet in which they were arrayed, for they had been supplied with new uniforms on the occasion. The band consisted only of twelve trumpets, which were sounded from time to time, when any person of sufficient dignity to merit a salute arrived at the gate. In the Court-yard stood the halberdiers, or wardens of the tower, their captain holding a standard exhibiting the Protector's arms, surmounted with banners and bannerols. By their side were the

domestic servants of the household ; those of Sir Oliver Fleming, the master of the ceremonies ; and the guard of Sir Gilbert Pickering, the Lord Chamberlain, armed with halberts, and liveried in grey coats welted with black velvet. Passing through this file of attendants, the company were ushered up stairs as they arrived, and introduced by the proper officers into the presence-chamber, whose walls were hung with such maps, plans, and printed statistical tables as might befit the residence of an enlightened sovereign and politician. Around the room were standing many of those warriors whose names had been rendered illustrious by their exploits in the late wars, most of whom, in compliment to the fashionable alarm of the moment, were equipped in complete or partial armour, as if rather attending a council of officers in a tent, than a peaceful levee in a palace. Some of the junior officers, whose coats of mail covered with buff had not, even in those days, cost less than thirty or forty



pounds, and who seemed to think they might assume a little foppery, now that the General himself affected the splendour of a court, had endeavoured to give their military garb a more dressy and drawing-room appearance, by fringing the sleeves and collar of their leathern doublets with expensive point-lace. Others had gold or plated buckles to their shoulder-belts, and gay sword-knots of silk ribbon; but the far greater part, although so scrupulously complete in their martial appointments as to satisfy the most finical martinet, rejected the smallest decoration, and fully justified the averment of the cavalier song—

“ They ’ll not allow, such pride it brings,  
Nor favours in hats, nor no such things,  
They ’ll convert all ribbons to Bible-strings,  
Which nobody can deny.”

Grave, orderly, and decorous as was their general mien and deportment, they appeared by the rough unpolished hardihood of their aspect, to

be rather qualified for the camp than the court, and to merit the character they have received from a contemporary historian, who designates them as—"Sword grandees, that better became a fray than a feast."

It had been expected that his Highness would upon this occasion wear the sumptuous robe of purple velvet, and display the Bible, sword, and sceptre, with which he had been invested at his solemn inauguration in Westminster Hall a short time before ; but as he had assumed these "phylacteries and fringes of state," in conformity with the wishes of others rather than his own, he discarded them the moment they had answered the purposes of their temporary assumption. Few would have judged from his present habiliments that he had so recently refused the title of king, and fewer still that he retained the power of one ; for he was attired with an almost fastidious plainness, in a

black-cloth cloak, doublet, and hose, with velvet facings and buttons. Not a single article of expense or luxury could be detected about his person, unless we may designate as such a pair of black-silk high stockings, and satin roses of the same hue in his shoes: nor had he any mark of authority, save that he wore his hat, which was broad-brimmed, with a low conical crown. His eyes were slightly blood-shot, and in the projecting veins of his sanguine and swoln, yet somewhat melancholy, face, were to be traced the evidences of a fiery and passionate temperament, tamed down by a long course of religious and moral discipline. There was an inclination to rubicundity in his nose, an inexhaustible subject of ridicule for the lampooners and ballad-writers of the opposite party; and a large wart upon his forehead, which had not been forgotten in the warfare of personal scurrility. His partially grizzled hair

hung in slight curls to his shoulders, and his collar, turned down and scalloped at the edges, disclosed the upper part of his throat, which was thick and muscular. From the hardships of many years' service there was a degree of coarseness in his face, but his head was so shaped as to give him a commanding and intellectual air, while his general appearance was such as to stamp a conviction upon the beholder, that he was truly the master-spirit of his age.

As he sat at the upper end of the room, in a chair of state slightly elevated from the floor, but without canopy or other distinction, and received with a dignified and gracious courtesy the different persons who were presented to him, all of whom seemed to salute him with the profoundest homage, Jocelyn surveyed the whole scene with a most perplexed and bewildered admiration. Never having heard him mentioned but in terms of the most unmeasured contempt,

he could not credit the identity of the personage before him, with the daily object of his father's opprobrious abuse, and in this dilemma he exclaimed to the Colonel, luckily in a whisper—"Pray, Sir, is that really red-nosed Noll?"

"Hush! young malapert;" cried Lilburne, chasing by an angry frown the momentary smile that had relaxed his features—"hold your tongue, unless you can speak more reverently of his Highness the Lord Protector."

Jocelyn, now contemplating him with a more fixed attention, thought he could perceive an expression of latent melancholy and distrust, a remark which had already been made by others about his person, who had noticed more particularly the suspicious and fixed look with which he followed every strange face that moved about him. Contrary to the presentiments of Cæsar, he anticipated most danger from those whose aspects "were featured with any cheerful

and debonair lineaments ;” these he eyed with a vigilant misgiving, while his incessant precautions against assassination were matter of public notoriety. His natural fortitude enabled him at first to treat these attempts with indifference, but their perpetual renewal, the appearance of the celebrated pamphlet intitled *Killing no Murder*, whose author his utmost efforts had failed to discover, and the proclamation of the King, promising 500*l.* per annum, and knight-hood to whomsoever should despatch him,\* had combined with sickness to debilitate his courage and render him morbidly apprehensive of the fate that had been inflicted on Dorislaus,†

\* Dated in 1654, and given by Thurloe in his State Papers.

† Dr. Isaac Dorislaus, deputed by the Parliament as Envoy to Holland, was assaulted in his own house, by twelve disguised royalists, then in attendance upon the exiled King Charles II. at the Hague, who barbarously stabbed him in several places, cut his throat, and left him exclaiming—“ thus dies one of the King’s judges.” His body was conveyed to England and buried in West-

Ascham,\* Rainsborough,† and others; a fate of which his anticipations had received some sort of confirmation by the recent mysterious occurrence with Lord Broghill.‡

From the observations he had been making upon the Protector's physiognomy, Jocelyn was presently diverted by a buzzing whisper in the room, and the approach of two numerous-escorted gentlemen, whose embroidered silk dresses, flowing and highly scented perruques, fluttering ribbons, and diamond-hilted swords, presented a singular contrast to the simple and

minster Abbey; but taken up after the Restoration, with the bodies of other Cromwelians, and deposited in St. Margaret's Church-yard adjoining.

\* Anthony Ascham, Ambassador to Madrid, where he was assassinated in his own lodgings, by a party of English loyalists.

† Colonel Thomas Rainsborough was shot at an inn in Downton by a party of Cavaliers from Pontefract, under a pretence of delivering him a letter from Cromwell.

‡ As this nobleman was accompanying the Lord Protector in his carriage from Westminster to Whitehall,

plain character of the surrounding dresses. These proved to be the Duke de Crequi and Monsieur Mancini, deputed from the King of France, Louis XIV. and the Cardinal Mazarine, to the Protector, to congratulate him upon the successes of the united English and French forces, and to compliment his Highness. Having been lodged upon their arrival, at Brook House, in Holborn, they now came in state to acquit themselves of their embassy, each de-

it was stopped on one side of the street, at a spot where, from the great pressure of the crowd, none of the halberdiers had room to stand by the window. In this posture his lordship observed the door of a cobbler's stall to open and shut a little, and at every opening could distinguish something bright, like a drawn sword or pistol. Whereupon he drew out his own sword with the scabbard on it, struck it upon the stall, and asked who was there, when a singularly wild-looking man, with a sword by his side, burst out, and effected his escape, although his lordship called to the guards to seize him.—It was rumoured that the Protector more than once encountered the same figure afterwards, under circumstances that rendered it difficult to account for his presence.



livering a short speech conveying the most flattering assurances of respect and regard from his master, which the Protector, taking off his hat, received with a carriage full of gravity and state, expressed an equal affection for his Majesty of France, and invited his representatives to dine with him. To these gentlemen succeeded a host of deputies, civil and military, bearing addresses couched in a fervour of religious enthusiasm, which, in any other days would have startled the hearer by its profane adulation. In these effusions of pious and passionate loyalty, the Protector was compared to Moses, who had gathered together the people of the new Israel, and given them laws, and brought down spiritual food from heaven for their support:—to Zerubbabel, who restored the true worship of the Lord:—to Joshua who defeated the Amalekites and the Canaanites:—to Gideon, who delivered Israel from the oppression of the Midianites:—to Elijah, who had

been raised up by Heaven to overthrow the worshippers of Baal, and destroy their idol:— to the chariots and horsemen of Israel; to David, to Solomon, to Hezekiah; and finally, that profane as well as sacred history might be put in requisition, to Titus and to Constantine. Hypocrisy formed no part of the Protector's present character; it had been long converted into genuine enthusiasm, and he could therefore exclaim in all sincerity of heart,—“ Not to me, but to the Lord be ascribed the praise. I am but a poor worm raised out of the dust to be the instrument of His will.”

So much time had been occupied in the presentation of these vapouring and ranting specimens of spiritual bombast, that when Colonel Lilburne saw a long file of gentlemen, foreigners as well as natives, waiting to be introduced, he began to think he should hardly have time to obtain a moment's audience. Although he spoke to these parties with a dignified affability

and upon appropriate subjects, his Highness did not detain them long, so that they were more than half dismissed, when his roving and restless eye fixed itself for a moment upon Jocelyn, and he whispered a few words to a groom of the chambers, who presently approached Colonel Lilburne, inviting him to dine with the Protector, and requesting him to withdraw into a private room, where his Highness would join him as soon as possible. Following this conductor, they were ushered into a spacious and noble library, whose shelves were closely filled with books. At the upper end, before a desk, on which were several folio volumes, two gentlemen were seated, one of whom was writing from the dictation of his companion. The latter, who was rather below the middle size, wearing his light brown hair parted at the foretop, and hanging down on either side of his singularly comely and majestic countenance, took not the smallest notice of them as

they passed, but continued dictating. His amanuensis, a strong-set figure, with a round face, cherry cheeks, hazel eyes, and brown hair, bowed to them with a cheerful smile as they walked through into an inner apartment, but did not speak. These were the immortal Milton, Latin Secretary to the Protector, and who had now been for some time blind; and the scarcely less illustrious Andrew Marvel, recently appointed his Assistant; men worthy to sit enthroned in that costly library, and to be surrounded by the great and kindred intellects of the world: men who have become the certain heirs of never-dying fame, while, with one or two exceptions, the crowd of nobles and grandees that thronged the adjoining saloon, have passed rapidly away into irredeemable oblivion.

From this apartment the colonel and Jocelyn passed into a gallery, and were ushered into his Highness's private room, where their con-

ductor left them. It was a small chamber, furnished with globes, maps, atlases, charts, plans of different fortifications, and a handsome book-case, mostly filled with controversial divinity, though it contained such works as were then published of Waller, Denham, Cowley, Harrington, Marvel, and the lighter effusions of Milton; together with Hartlib's Discourse of Husbandry, the works of Machiavel, Harvey's Latin essay on the circulation of the blood, and other political and scientific books, Latin, English, and French. On a small table in the middle of the room, lay the Protector's plan for the foundation of a new college, with a portfolio containing engravings of Scripture-subjects, by Faithorne, around which were scattered numerous pamphlets and fugitive pieces, religious and political. It was not without surprise that the colonel recognized among the latter several of the crazy publications of his brother the saint, alias free-born John, alias Lilburne the

Trouble-world ;\* such as “Jonah’s cry out of the Whale’s Belly,”—“An Impeachment of High Treason against Oliver Cromwell and his son-in-law Henry Ireton,” and other similar attacks upon the Protector, for which he was at that moment in prison.—In a recess of the window, upon a sloping desk, was an open folio Bible, thickly overwritten with marginal annotations in Cromwell’s own hand, though the tremulous letters showed that he now guided the pen with difficulty ;—and from a half-open

\* On the death of this turbulent and refractory enthusiast, which occurred soon afterwards, there appeared the following epigrammatic epitaph :—

“Is John departed, and is Lilburne gone ?  
Farewell to both, to Lilburne and to John !  
Yet being gone, take this advice from me,  
Let them not *both* in one grave buried be.  
Here lay ye John ; lay Lilburne hereabout,  
For if they both should meet, they would fall out.”

This alludes to a saying, that John Lilburne was so quarrelsome, that if he were the only man in the world, John would quarrel with Lilburne and Lilburne with John.

drawer beneath, glittered the hilts of a brace of pistols. With a boyish curiosity, Jocelyn opened the door of an inner closet, in which he observed two naked swords hanging against the wall, and a secret stair case, probably intended for escape in case of a sudden surprise.

As a proof of the hold which heraldic vanities may obtain, even over such a mind as Cromwell's, it is not unworthy of remark that his family arms, handsomely emblazoned upon vellum, and set in a gilt frame, were not only hung up in the saloon, but were exhibited in this private apartment. Nor did it escape Lilburne's observation, that since he had become Protector, he had assumed a particular bearing in his crest, which had been granted to his ancestor by Henry the Eighth,\* as if anxious to disprove

\* Against Sir Richard Cromwell's name, in Noble's Pedigree of that family, is the following note :—" The 1st of May, 1540, a solemn triumph was held at Westminster, before King Henry VIII. by Sir John Dudley, Sir Richard Cromwell, and four other challengers, which was proclaimed in France, Spain, Scotland, and Flanders. The 2d day, at Tournay, Sir Richard Cromwell over-

the current imputations against his low and obscure birth. While Lilburne was examining this escutcheon, the Protector suddenly entered, still wearing his hat, seated himself beside the open Bible, and turning to Lilburne, who continued standing, exclaimed, with a stern look and hurried voice, "That is the boy Compton, and his father has escaped. I know it all, ay and more than you yourself are acquainted with. You sate in the chair of the scorner, when you marked my conferences with the crazy Papist woman, Mary Lawrence, and yet from her did I gather the first tidings of the treasonable pro-

threw Mr. Palmer off his horse. And the 5th day, at Barriers, he likewise overthrew Mr. Culpep; to his and the challenger's great ho:" Mr. Noble gives from Stowe a particular account of this jousting: and adds, from Fuller's Church History, that when the King saw Sir Richard's prowess, he was so enraptured that he exclaimed, "Formerly thou wast my Dick, but hereafter thou shalt be my diamond; and thereupon dropped a diamond ring from his finger, which Sir Richard taking up, his Majesty presented it to him, bidding him ever afterwards bear such a one in the foregamb of the demy-lion in his crest, instead of the javelin."—Memoira of the Protector O. C. p. 201.



ceedings at Brambletye. For some cause, what it is I know not, she has sworn deadly enmity to the whole race; and I avail myself of every aid that the Lord sends me. I have a spy in every house. She has given me good reasons why this stripling should be detained as a hostage for his father. Away with him to the Gate-house at Westminster. These perpetual revelations of the plots against Zion are so many special providences calling me to perform my duty. I hold the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, and the rebellers against his name shall perish, for the Lord is weary of pardoning. Formerly I lived in Mesheck, which signifieth prolonging; in Kedar, which signifieth blackness; but my soul is now with the congregation of the first-born. I know them all; the enemies of the New Jerusalem; my spies beset them on every side; the toils of the hunter are around them; I will pour out the seventh vial upon them; what God hath given me, man shall not take away.—They shall perish; I will dash out their

teeth, and break their jaw-bones, and utterly exterminate the army of the Beast.—I swear it by this holy book ! ”

Striking his hand angrily upon the Bible, as he concluded this rather incoherent rhapsody, he remained for some time lost in deep thought, when, as if anxious to justify his meditated severities by a recapitulation of the benefits he had conferred upon the country, he continued, in a more composed tone : “ Have I not made the name of an Englishman to be as much feared and respected throughout the world, as ever was that of an ancient Roman ? My fleets and armies are every where victorious ; England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Holland, Spain,—have I not triumphed over them all ;—the Grand Turk has owned my authority ; the oppressed Protestants throughout Europe have cried out to me, and I have compelled their rulers to give them instant redress ; none but men of integrity sit upon my seats of judgment ; corruption is unknown in my court ; and, above

all, I have so counselled and guided them, that my people have become the chosen ones of the Lord, and have built up the New Jerusalem, to be the praise of the whole earth, the Sion of the Holy One of Israel."

Having received his instructions relative to the disposal of Jocelyn, and knowing the Protector too well to dispute his will during these fits of enthusiasm, the Colonel ventured to turn the current of his ideas by soliciting the release of his brother John, who was then a prisoner at Portsmouth, and under order for transportation.

"He is a firebrand in the temple," cried the Protector, "upon which I have been compelled to put my foot, lest it should burn down the building. Well does he deserve the name of Lilburne the trouble-world."

"He has now joined the sect of the Quakers," replied the Colonel, "whose distinguishing tenet is submission to authority, and I am willing to become surety for his future obedience."

"The Quakers! Then be it so!" exclaimed

the Protector; "they are godly people, and good subjects: and as to you, Lilburne, I have ever found you a good and faithful soldier of the Lord. Tell Thurloe to prepare an order for your brother's release." So saying, he again relapsed into thought, and on recovering from his reverie, cast a stern look upon Jocelyn, and walked suddenly out of the room, without uttering another word.

"What means he by the Gate-house at Westminster?" inquired Jocelyn, who had hitherto been silent from a mixed feeling of awe and wonder.

"It is a place of confinement, my young friend," replied the Colonel, "where you will be well treated, but must remain in custody, until we gather tidings of Sir John."

"A prison!" cried the youth, reddening with passion, and instinctively feeling for the handle of his dagger, of which he had been prudently deprived:—"I wish I had known it sooner. Stripling as he calls me, had I but my

bow and arrow in my hand, I would make no more of his croaking voice and black coat, than I did of the rooks in the Friar's copse at Brambletye."

"Hush! you coleric little Prate-a-pace!" cried Lilburne, putting his hand upon his mouth.

"I will not hush," continued Jocelyn, exalting his voice, "for I see my father was right, and that this fine gentleman, though he wears his hat and sits in a high chair, is neither more nor less, after all, than a Round-head rogue, and a red-nosed Noll."—These appalling epithets, probably never before uttered in Hampton-Court House, certainly not in so clamorous a tone of voice, occasioned no small embarrassment in the Colonel, who had recourse to soothing measures, since he quickly saw menaces would be unavailing, and had luckily prevailed upon the boy to be pacified, just as an attendant entered to conduct them to the groom-porter's lodge, to whose custody Jocelyn

was to be temporarily committed. It was no small relief to Lilburne's mind that they did not again pass through the presence-chamber, for he could not help dreading that some of its lingering inmates might have been startled by sounds, which, however common in the dining-room of the Cavaliers, would have been accounted little less than blasphemy in the palace of the Lord Protector. Jocelyn did, indeed, continue to mutter fiercely to himself, but none noticed his splenetic accents, and he was presently deposited in his place of immediate confinement, where he encountered courteous treatment, and, when his wrath had a little subsided, partook of a comfortable dinner with the inmates of the lodge.

While he was thus employed, Colonel Lilburne became a participator in the great entertainment provided for the French ambassadors, and the other illustrious personages who had been invited to grace the festival. According to the modern acceptation of the latter word, it

might hardly be deemed appropriate in the present instance ; for the residence of the Protector, though not deficient in a grave and becoming state, and even calculated to inspire awe by the stern iron grandeur of its military appointments, presented none of those gayer accompaniments that generally characterize a court. Here were no riot or debauch ; no languishing courtezans surrounded by glittering triflers, and wiling away the time in wanton discourse ; no powdered fops and painted dames devoted to the purposes of gallantry ; no court-buffoons ; no fiddlers or dancers ; no pimps and pandars ; no cards or dice ; no masquers, mountebanks and mummers ; none, in short, of these customary resources by which the frequenters of a palace endeavour to defeat the importunate assaults of idleness and *ennui*. Whether the substitutes provided by the Protector were better calculated to answer this purpose, will perhaps be doubted in the present day ; but they were at least of a more dignified nature, and well

adapted to the serious and austere taste of his contemporaries, against whom it was urged as a reproach and a nick-name that they were *Puritans*.

After the Duke de Crequi and Monsieur Mancini had been escorted in one of his Highness's carriages, with a proper retinue, round the house and the middle parks of Hampton-Court, as they were then called, and thence to Bushey; they were conducted back to the great gates of the palace, where they were received as before by a salute of twelve trumpets. On alighting, they were conducted to the chapel, in which they found a numerous company seated, his Highness being in the same state as at first, but without his hat, and the whole assemblage silent. Hardly had they taken their seats when prayers were commenced by Dr. Goodwin, the chaplain; after which the celebrated Hugh Peters expounded a place of Scripture, in a sermon of one hour's continuance, then considered a brief length; the service concluding with a psalm,



sung by the whole party. To the inexpressible relief of the foreigners, the Protector then leaving his chair, and coming towards them, invited them into an adjoining drawing-room, where they were introduced to the Protectress, to her daughters the Ladies Faulconbridge and Rich; and the deservedly favourite child of both parents, the Lady Claypoole. Other ladies were in the apartment, but none affected any squeamish prudery of manner, or quaker-like homeliness in their attire, the younger ones being richly decorated with pearls, tastefully interspersed among the natural ringlets of their hair, or formed into bows upon their shoulders; and exhibiting in their whole appearance a modest yet graceful elegance. The Protectress, as became her more mature years, wore a white satin hood, fastened tight under her chin, so as to discover but little of her light brown hair. Nor was more of her neck displayed than was sufficient to show a string of pearls around it; her handkerchief, of which only the broad laced

edge was visible, was drawn round the neck by a black string, the rest of her person being covered by a green velvet cardinal, edged with gold lace, and fastened at the bottom with a clasp of jewellery.

From this apartment, after a short conversation, they were ushered into the dining-room, where they were nobly regaled, music playing during the whole of the repast. At the head of the principal table sate the Lord Protector alone, having the ambassadors on his right hand, and the lords of the council and other officers opposite to them: the Protectress had a table of her own, at which the ladies were entertained; and there was a third for the chief officers of the household. Though plentiful and sumptuous, the repast did not occupy long in the discussion; no toasts were drunk; a long grace was pronounced by Jeremy White, one of the chaplains; and after due time had been allowed for the dessert, at which were produced some noble-sized pines, brought from Barbadoes, and the first of the sort ever seen in England,

the whole party re-adjourned to the drawing-room. Here, to the inexpressible horror of the foreigners, who were neither devoutly inclined, nor if they had been, understood one word of the language, Dr. Goodwin favoured them with a second sermon, an additional act of devotion which was considered to be specially called for by the recovery of his Highness's health, and the frustration of the plot; from the illustration of which two subjects by parallel occurrences in Scripture, and proving a manifest interference of Providence, the preacher drew the principal materials of his discourse. Observing, probably, an air of wearisome chagrin upon the countenance of his guest, the Protector addressing the Duke, expressed his apprehensions, that to one who came from the gay and lively court of Louis the Fourteenth, the observances of Hampton must appear overmuch sedate, grave, and tristful.

"Triste!" exclaimed the polite Frenchman, with a well-affected air of surprise, and a profound bow—"tout au contraire. Never, never,

never have I passed a more delightful day. Ah ! your Highness's court is an example to the world—so decorous, so religious, so sublime ! It recalls the good times of our Francis the First, when Clement Marot, the court-poet, who was so justly called the poet of princes, and the prince of poets, set the psalms of David to music, and it became fashionable for the ladies of the court to sing them to their guitar. Ah ! how happy would it be if those days were revived !”

“ It is fortunate that I am able to gratify your wishes,” replied the Protector, “ for we, too, have harmonised these divine canticles, and I hold it the most glorious of all music when we sing immortal songs that may immortalise the singer.” To the additional mortification of the Duke, who little expected to be taken at his word, preparations were now made for gratifying him with some more psalm-singing ; during which his Highness, addressing Monsieur Mancini in Latin, expressed his belief that these hymns of David were originally composed in a

certain lyrical measure, observing there was something sublime in the reflection that we were singing the identical psalms which had been chanted in the temple of Jerusalem, about a thousand years before our Saviour's birth. To this observation the Italian was about to make a suitable reply, couched in a tone of profound homage, when he was interrupted by the appearance of Milton, whom his Highness introduced to the foreigners as the pride and ornament of his court.

"His Highness has justly observed," said the blind bard, speaking in Latin, "that psalm-singing is the noblest of all music. It is indeed sublime to think, that chained as our bodies are to this deaf earth, the voice of thanksgiving may still be wafted from the creature to the Creator. It would be desolating to believe that all the holy music of organ and of harp, of dulcimer and of psaltry, and of that more dignified instrument the human voice, inspired by an intellect that knows the worth of worship,—it would be

horrible to imagine that all the sounds thus sent up into the air from the beginning of time, have died away in the unconscious abysses of space, unheard, unnoticed, unrecorded. Far from us be such unhallowed misgivings ! I would rather deem that even the voice of unintelligent matter is not altogether so objectless as we are apt to decide ; and that the perpetual music of the winds and running waters, with the deep bass of the never-silent sea, are but the Hallelujahs sung by the adoring earth, as it rolls along before the footstool of its Creator."

After a mutual interchange of compliments, the blind bard, seating himself at the organ, played with appropriate feeling and expression, a psalm which had been set to music by his friend Henry Lawes,\* and was now sung by some of his pupils, both male and female. Out of compliment to the visitants, the organist then

\* The composer of the music of *Comus*. Milton addressed a sonnet to him ; and his nephews Edward and John Phillips prefixed commendatory verses to his "*Ayres and Dialogues*" published in 1653.

executed a lighter measure of the French cast, from Matthew Lock's "Consort of Pavans, Ayres, Corants, and Sarabands" then just published, with which the foreigners seemed to be much better pleased.

His Highness, who both loved and understood music, and had not long before granted permission to Sir William Davenant to open a Theatre at Rutland House, in Charter-House Square, for a species of operatic entertainment, had given orders for a little concert to be prepared, in which Davis Mell and Paul Wheeler, two of the best musicians of the day, were performers; after which was given a solo on the violin by the incomparable Baltzar of Lubeck, admitted to be the finest player in Europe.\* Knowing

\* The following passage in Evelyn's Diary seems to have reference to this famous Violinist—"1656, March 4.—This night I was invited by Mr. Roger L'Estrange, to hear the incomparable Lubicer on the violin. His variety on a few notes and plain ground, with that wonderful dexterity, was admirable. Though a young man, yet so perfect and skilful, that there was nothing however crosst and perplexed; brought to him by our artists

the bibulous propensities of James Quin, the bass-singer, whose attendance had been expressly commanded, the Protector goodnaturedly ordered him to be well plied with sack, and was so well pleased with his performance, that at its conclusion he exclaimed—"What shall I do for you, Mr. Quin?" The modest vocalist simply required to be restored to his student's place at Christ-Church, from which he had been dismissed by the visitors for intemperance, a petition with which his Highness promised compliance.

that he did not play off at sight with ravishing sweetness and improvements, to the astonishment of our best masters. In sum, he played on that single instrument a full concert, so as the rest flung down their instruments, acknowledging the victory. As to my own particular, I stand to this hour amazed that God should give so great a perfection to so young a person. I can no longer question the effects we read of in David's harp to charm evil spirits, or what is said some particular notes produced in the passions of Alexander, and that King of Denmark." p. 298. Wood tells us, that "when Baltzar played at Oxford, Wilson, the public professor of music, stooped down to his feet, to see whether he had a hoof on, that is to say, whether he was a devil or not, because he acted beyond the parts of a man."



Milton was now again called for, and the Duke observed alarming appearances of another psalm, when he started up in great trepidation, declaring he had a most particular engagement in London, and that, however agonizing it might be to his feelings, he was absolutely compelled to tear himself from a noble species of entertainment, to which he was peculiarly devoted, and of which he should never lose the recollection. Compassion inducing him to include Mancini in his meditated escape, both parties took their leave together, with a profusion of compliments, and every external manifestation of the most profound reverence.

Scarcely, however, had their carriage cleared the gates of the palace, when the Duke, first indulging in an Alexandrine yawn, and then bursting into as continuous a peal of laughter, exclaimed, as he brought his grimaces to a peroration, "Positively, my dear Mancini, I must indemnify my jaws, by relaxing them in every possible direction, for the cramp they have

acquired in this most stiff, starch, and petrifying court-convent. Monks are not seldom jovial and hilarious, hermits may be mercurial and frolicsome, cardinals vivacious and blithe, and even the holy father himself, (God forgive us!) is sometimes fain to enact the merry-andrew;—but as to these grim saints, these dolorous laughter-hating Puritans, I shall now abominate them worse than ever, since by your solemn looks they seem to have infected you with a portion of their own rigidity of muscle.”

“I would willingly smile at their fanaticism,” replied the crafty Italian, “if I could also laugh at their power; but when I reflect that religious enthusiasm, directed by military skill, has always been the most tremendous engine that man could wield, I confess that I too much fear this Mahomet of the West, and anticipate his future enterprizes with too deep a dismay, to contemplate the Protector with any risible emotions. He has put himself at the head of the Protestant power in Europe, and the

moment he seeks to give it a predominance—”

“Bah!” exclaimed the Duke, interrupting him; “he is himself no longer what he was, and where the spiritual phrenzy of his army has not altogether evaporated, it has broken up into sects and dissensions that render it more dangerous to himself than to others. As there is no natural coherence in the elements that he has moulded together, his power is personal and temporary. The present greatness of the country is in Cromwell, not in England. A powerful hand may knead up a snow-ball into an engine of attack, but the moment the pressure ceases, it either falls to pieces of itself, or gradually melts away; and this will be the fate of England whenever the Protector dies. Besides, I perfectly agree with my predecessor, that nothing permanently great can be expected from a country which has fifty different religions, and only two fish-sauces. And so a truce to politics, which I hate for the same

reason that a grocer abhors figs—and hey! for a snug corner, for if you will neither laugh nor talk nonsense, I have no alternative but a nap. Signor Mancini, I have the honor to wish you good night.”—At these words he unbuckled his sword, stretched out his legs, and leaning back in a corner of the carriage, composed himself for the enjoyment of the only resource that was left to him.

## CHAPTER VII.

—“ Palamon the prisoner Knight,  
Restless for woe, arose before the light,  
And with his jailor's leave desired to breathe  
An air more welcome than the damp beneath.”

DRYDEN.

THE Gate-house prison, to which the indignant Jocelyn was conducted on the following morning, stood in front of the great western towers of Westminster Abbey, to whose close it had originally formed the entrance or gate, whence the gaol derived its name. A part of the close itself, then surrounded by a high wall, formed the only place of recreation for the prisoners; and the antiquated building, little adapted for the security, and still less for the comfort, of its inmates, had no better plea for

being converted into a prison, than that it was quite as ill adapted to the purpose as the other gates which had been thus appropriated. Although generally courageous above his years, and partly sustained upon the present occasion by a sense of vehement anger, Jocelyn could not approach these mournful precincts without a mixture of awful wonder and apprehension, that made his heart sink within him. Feelings of guilt, degradation, and terror are so intimately associated with our early notions of a prison, that he revolted from the idea of crossing the threshold ; and when these general impressions of his mind were aggravated by the evidence of his senses, by the sight of chains and axes suspended over the gate, the deep gloom of the arch beneath which they were to pass, the ferocious look of the porter at the wicket, with his brown bill, and the hoarse rattling of bars and bolts, as the gates were opened for the entrance of the colonel's carriage, few will wonder that he was almost overcome by his dismal pros-

pects. Pride, however, enabled him to repress any manifestation of alarm, or even of emotion, until he had to bid adieu in the little lodge to the Colonel, when the remembrance of the kind treatment he had experienced, and the affectionate manner in which he recommended Jocelyn to the special protection of the gaoler, and promised him to exert his utmost influence for his speedy liberation, melted his heart, and occasioned the tears to flow copiously down his cheeks in spite of all his efforts. Short as was the period during which he had been his involuntary custodian, Lilburne had seen enough of the boy's noble qualities to take a deep interest in his fate. He comforted him therefore to the best of his ability, and having given orders about a good apartment, for which he paid beforehand, and repeated his assurances that he would bestir himself instantly for his release, he took his departure, leaving Jocelyn alone with the gaoler, a black-muzzled, beetle-browed fel-

low, with an ominous cast in his eye, which imparted a singular ugliness to his scowling features.

While this interesting personage was unconcernedly continuing his whiffs, apparently intending to finish his pipe before he took the trouble of initiating his new prisoner into the inner ward, they were joined by his wife, a stout but fresh and comely dame, who no sooner beheld Jocelyn, than she exclaimed, as she fixed her looks upon him!—"Dear heart! dear heart! Giles Lockhart, did you ever clap eyes upon such a likeness to our poor dear Thomas, that we lost o' the small pox? why it's the very dapse of him!"

"Psha!" said the husband surlily—"so you say of every lad you see. As much like him as you are like Queen Bess."

"The same age, the same dark hair, the same bright eyes, the same comely face," continued the wife—"well I never!—my poor dear child! 'twas a heart-breaking thing, and he our only boy, and such a sweet——" She took



up the corner of her apron, and after wiping her eyes attempted to proceed—"such a sweet"—but she could get no further, the tears gushed out afresh, and she leant, sobbing and weeping, against the barrier of the lodge.

"What the devil ails the woman?" cried the gaoler, attempting to conceal his own emotion, by an assumed tone of anger, and at the same time turning away his face—"what is there to greet about, Madge? you are always *on* about the boy—many others have lost a child as well as we."

"Not such a child as Thomas: no, no, Giles; not such a sweet, noble, kind-hearted, little fellow as ours," replied Madge; "there isn't such another in the world, though this is the likest to him that ever I have yet seen. Welladay! we must all die! And, in the name of wonder, my darling Thomas.—God forgive me! I could almost fancy I was speaking to my own flesh and blood;—in the name of wonder, my dear boy, why have they sent thee to prison?"

Thou art neither plotter, nor malignant, nor popish recusant, nor delinquent, nor fifth-monarchy man, nor any thing thou shouldn't be, I 'll be sworn; then why send thee to the Gate-house?"

"I know no reason," replied Jocelyn, "unless that I am the son of Sir John Compton."

"Gaol thee for having a father! O the villains! they might say as much against my blessed Thomas, God rest him! if he were still alive."

"Ay, if he could tell who was his father," cried the husband, alarmed at his wife's indiscreet anger.—"Enough of this whimpering balderdash; and troop to your quarters, mistress, and keep your tongue within your teeth. Villain's a foul word to throw at a servant, and a foolish one to venture at a master. Marry, I've known a woman transported to the Barbadoes for such another slip of the tongue. Trudge, mistress, trudge!"

As soon as his wife had disappeared, which she did not do without looking back several

times at Jocelyn, wiping her eyes as often, and sighing deeply to herself,—“my dear child! my poor dear Thomas!” the gaoler exclaimed, —“Come, my young master, don’t be down-hearted; many a one that comes in sorry, goes out singing; and you ’re too young yet awhile for axe or rope, so there ’s nothing to fret about. Shall I show you your room? Marry! it ’s a clean one, and a cheerful; pleasant as the flowers in May. The window looks upon the wall, but you can see the top of one of the college trees through the corner pane, and you can hear every thing that goes on in the Abbey, for the bell ’s ever a tolling, either for prayers or burials. Church or church-yard, there ’s always somewhat a stirring. There!” he continued, looking round the room with a vain-glorious air, as he inducted his prisoner into it, “there ’s not a tidier apartment in Peter-house, or the town itself. Ah! I remember when poor master Lovelace had it, and a handsomer blade, or a finer gentleman I never turned key upon: all

gold and silver, silk and satin, and a diamond buckle to fasten the feather in his hat. A merry wag too, though he stormed when I took away his silver-hilted sword, till I showed him the printed rules. Poor gentleman ! poor gentleman ! I met him t' other day in Shoe-lane, though God knows it 's a wonder I found him out, for he was all rags and wretchedness, sick and sad, and nohow over clean.\* You may still see some of his scrawling and scribbling upon the walls and window. Many a time have I marked him scratching the glass with his diamond-ring. Ah ! he had better have staid where he was so happy !”

\* Colonel Richard Lovelace, who was committed to the Gate-house for presenting the Kentish Petition, was the author of a Tragedy and a Comedy, besides two volumes of Poems, under the title of *Lucasta*. His beautiful and well-known address, “*To Althæa from Prison*,” was written in the Gate-house. In Wood’s *Athenæ* may be seen the whole affecting story of this elegant writer, “who, after having been distinguished for every gallant and polite accomplishment, the pattern of his own sex, and the darling of the ladies, died in the lowest wretchedness, obscurity, and want,” in Gunpowder-alley, near Shoe-lane, Anno 1658.

The words "Lux Casta," and "Lucasta,"\* surmounted by a half-moon, as well as his own initials in a rude wreath, were indeed still legible upon more than one of the panes; while the wall beside the bed was covered with scraps and half-effaced fragments of his different compositions. "Said I not right, youngster," resumed the gaoler, with an air of self-complacence, "here you may be as happy as the day is long, and if you will follow me to the ward below, you shall hear how merrily my gaol-birds chirp and sing in their cage."

This assertion did not receive a very abundant confirmation in the yard to which Jocelyn was now led, the hilarity being pretty much confined to two or three parties of Cavaliers. Some of these gentry, who had been too much accustomed to vicissitudes to suffer any diminution of their irrepressible gaiety, were strutting

\* By which names, according to Wood, he compliments a Miss Lucy Sacheverel, a young lady of great beauty and fortune.

up and down, arm-in-arm, with long hair and flaunting clothes, singing to one another in a low voice scraps of some new political lampoons and ballads, which the little band received from time to time with loud peals of laughter. Another knot were standing huddled round one of their companions, who had been lucky enough to procure a copy of a song, furtively distributed at that period, entitled, "Noll, the Brewer, and the one-eyed Cobler," by which irreverend titles were signified the Protector and Colonel Hewson. And a third set were striving hard to get up a mimic game at tennis, which, though it proved but a lame and impotent imitation, seemed to afford them the more amusement from the palpable insufficiency of the place in which they attempted it, and the obvious annoyance it gave to some of their puritan fellow-prisoners. Of these, one of the most conspicuous was Hannah Trapnell, the Quaker prophetess, whose visions, raptures, and predictions, assuming a dangerous political character, and

occasioning her to be followed by numerous malcontents, she was ordered up to London from Devonshire, and committed to prison, where she sate with a Bible in her hand, and her eyes fixed on heaven in a state of ecstatic abstraction. At a little distance from her was another of the same sect, the crazy fanatic, James Naylor, the very nature of whose outrageous impiety declared him to be much better fitted for bedlam than a prison.\* They held

\* "The Divinity of Christ had been oppugned by Biddle, the Socinian, and now it was *personated*, (with reverence be it spoken), by one James Naylor, a Quaker, who, resembling in his proportion and complexion, the pictures of Christ, had in all other things, as the setting of the beard and locks in the same fashion, dared to counterfeit our blessed Lord. To this purpose he had disciples and women ministering to him, whose blasphemous expressions and applications of several Scriptures relating properly to the loveliness and transcendent excellency of Christ (*ἀνθρωποειδής*) to this impostor, will, if repeated, move horror and trembling in every Christian. His first appearance in this manner was at Bristol, where a man leading his horse bare-headed, and one Dorcas Erbury and Martha Symonds going up to the knees in mire, by his horse's side, sung

no communion with one another, though of the same persuasion, each utterly denying the claims of the other. In different quarters of the

aloud,— ‘*Holy, holy, holy, Hosanna !*’ &c. For this they were seized by the magistrates, and being complained of to Parliament, were brought up to town, into which, as in all places, they entered singing the same blasphemies. At the Bar of the House, (a Committee having reported their opinion concerning his punishment), he was sentenced in December to be set in the pillory twice, and whipped twice, and his forehead to be stigmatized with the letter B. for Blasphemer, and bored through the tongue, with which he used to answer to any question, ‘*THOU HAST SAID IT,*’ and the like. In prison, after his punishment, the impostor continued. One Mr. Rich, (a merchant of credit), that held him by the hand while he was in the pillories, with divers others, licked his wounds ; the women were observed some to lay their head in his lap, lying against his feet ; others to lean it upon his shoulders ; and questionless, the Quakers would have persisted in this delusion, and set up and made something of this idol, if he had not been kept from them, (for as soon as ever they came into his company, they would first take him by the hand, and in a strange note say, ‘*Holy,*’ &c.) But being thus removed, after three days’ wilful abstinence, having weakened himself even unto death, he begged some victuals, and then was set to work, which he performed, and came by degrees to himself and to reduction. At the return of the Rump he got his liberty, but survived it not ; his addi-



ward were furious Anabaptists, addle-headed Fifth-monarchy-men, whose tenets inculcated the overthrow of all temporal authorities, to make way for the coming of the new Messiah and the Millennium; recusant papists and delinquents; military officers, who had opposed themselves to Cromwell's despotic supremacy, and who, with fierce looks, were canvassing in corners new plans for his overthrow; starving players, who had betaken themselves to the dangerous occupation of writing libels against the Government that had suppressed them; and the mongrel crew of rogues and vagabonds who generally make up the supplemental tenantry of a prison.

The Gate-house, in fact, was an epitome of the kingdom at large; a sample of the excesses and phrenzy produced by a long continuance of spiritual and political convulsion, which had

tional pretended divinity having attenuated and wasted his humanity; and that body, sublimed and prepared for miracles, went the way of all flesh.—Heath's Chronicle, Part 3, p. 384.

broken up all the moral elements of the nation, set them in array against each other, and inflamed them to madness by the excitements of a protracted civil-war. It presented also no unapt illustration of Cromwell's government, who, throughout the whole extent of three kingdoms, kept in awe these furious factions, each inimical to the other, and all hostile to himself; holding them together in subjection with as much security and peace as his deputy Mr. Giles Lockhart preserved within the narrow limits of the Gate-house prison.

Two of his gaol-birds (as he termed them), who stood apart from the others, were the first to notice Jocelyn, and of course excited his more particular attention. They had been actors in London, and upon the suppression of the theatres betook themselves to an itinerant life, furtively exercising their now illicit calling, as occasion offered; sometimes feasted and rewarded, sometimes whipped or imprisoned as common vagabonds, according to the caprice of

local authority, or the prevalence of political feeling. As the cavalier party, however, had little but empty plaudits to bestow, while the Puritans had the dispensation of stripes and imprisonments, they had attempted to mend their sinking fortunes, or, at least, to wreak their revenge, by the composition of a joint satire. In conformity to the existing taste for quaint alliteration it was entitled,—“Thalia’s Threat and Melpomene’s Menace against the Strangers of the Stage;” and in reward of this spleetic exertion of their muse, the authors were incontinently sent to quaff the classic air of the Gate-house. One of them whose name was Pickering, and who exhibited that air of janty slovenliness, or shabby-genteel look, which still characterizes the poorer itinerants of the profession, was buoyant, gay, and strutting in his deportment, while his semi-tragic language seemed to be an olio of all the bombastic blank-verse, he had picked up in the exercise of his calling, or gleaned from the taffety phrases of

Sir Euphues. His companion, whom he addressed by the name of Rookwood, appeared to be overcome by his misfortunes, and to have sunk into a squalid sloth and sottishness, comforting himself with his pipe for his inability to procure double-bub ale, and gazing silently upon its smoke with a fixed and drunken eye.

“ O Huntingdonian brewer base !” exclaimed the former, as he stalked up to Jocelyn with a theatrical air,—“ O truculent and most Herodian knave ! O thrice Nerotic Caligulian spawn !—or rather, as may best befit thy lineaments obscene,—O red-nosed Noll ! is’t not enough that men of full-grown pith, and mighty mind sublime, thy spleenful wrath endure, but must these babes and sucklings yield their blood, and feel the fury of thy festering fang ?—Prithee, thou jocund bowman of the woods, youthful concomitant of Dian’s train, for such thy garb and looks may well beseem, why art thou here with musty rogues forlorn, in durance vile and incarceration close ? Speak, that mine ear may drink intelligence.”

Although Jocelyn understood very little of this rhapsodical fustian, except the familiar *sobriquet* applied to the Protector, he gathered enough of its general purport to reply, as he had done to the gaoler's wife, that he was imprisoned for being the son of a Royalist. "Ha! say'st thou so, my juvenilian bold, of Carolinian block the loyal chip, then are we links of the same rueful chain, concatenate in one Cromwellian doom, participants in Protectorial hate." So saying, the player held out his hand, received Jocelyn's in its palm, shook it with prodigious energy, and again putting himself in an heroic attitude, spouted to his companion—"Rookwood! once peerless on the buskined board, of voice altisonant and stately stalk, be not so tristful, saturnine, and sad. Cheer up, my Pythias! Look on the lineaments of this fair youth, for female character most apt. Will he not serve to perfect our dram: pers: and help us act?"

Rookwood looked in Jocelyn's face at this obscure intimation, that he might enable them

to execute their long-cherished object of getting up a play in the prison, by taking the heroine's part, then commonly performed by youths; and as he observed how expressly he seemed formed to supply this desideratum, he gave an approving nod, and puffed out the smoke with a complacent whiff.—“Said I not sooth, Rookwoodian Roscius?” continued the spouter—“Play will we have, though gaolers frown like fate, and locks, bolts, bars, and chains, our limbs immure.—Ay, and ere long, when Noll is nullified, Blackfriars and the Globe again shall ope their doors theatric to admiring crowds.”—Rookwood shook his head despondingly—“Miscreant! they shall,” resumed the pompous Pickering. “Curtains shall rise, and prompters’ bells shall ring: shouts shall be heard as we advance amid an amphitheatre of eager eyes. Then shall my Rookwood be himself again, with casque and plume and harness on his back, grasping his sword as Macbeth, while I, as Macduff, shall exclaim—

'Then yield thee, coward,  
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.  
We'll have thee as our rarer monsters are,  
Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,—  
*Here you may see the tyrant.*

During the delivery of this speech, which was given with a somewhat Thrasonic energy, the sluggish woe-worn countenance of Rookwood became gradually more animated. As the visions of past glory seemed to flit before his eyes, and the acclamations of enraptured thousands to vibrate in his ears, he gradually shook off his lethargy, until he heard the last line, which of old had been his customary cue. The war-horse starts not more eagerly from his sleep at the sound of the trumpet, than did the benumbed player at this spirit-stirring remembrancer. Hurling his pipe over the prison-wall, and leaping aside in a species of ecstasy, he snatched a stick from one of the bystanders, and wielding it as a sword, while his eyes glittered, and his whole countenance, under the influence of this sudden inspiration, blazed up

with something of its former spirit and beauty, he shouted out, with a startling vehemence :—

‘ I’ll not yield,

To kiss the ground before young Malcolm’s feet,  
And to be baited with the rabble’s curse.  
Tho’ Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,  
And thou oppos’d, being of no woman born,  
Yet I will try the last ; before my body  
I throw my warlike shield : lay on Macduff ;  
And damn’d be he that first cries—*Hold, enough !*’

After the completion of this scene, which was delivered on both sides with a tearing violence of voice and gesticulation, that seemed intended to atone for lost time, the performers, animated by the clamorous applauses of the Cavaliers who surrounded them, retired triumphantly to their joint apartment, Pickering swelling and strutting as if he disdained the earth ; and even the crest-fallen Rookwood lifting up his head and throwing out his foot with a pleasurable confidence, to which he had long been a stranger. Encouraged by the success of this *debut*, the latter sent immediately for Jocelyn, and taking upon himself the unusual office of spokesman,



rendered absolutely necessary by the incomprehensible magniloquence of his friend, requested him to oblige them by studying the part of Lady Macbeth, in the tragedy which had been called to his remembrance; and which (he said) they were about to get up. To this Jocelyn gave a willing assent, undertaking the task more readily when he was told that their projected freak would irritate and annoy the Puritans, towards whom he felt already an hereditary hatred. Fortunately possessing two copies of the play, they gave one to Jocelyn, enjoining secrecy, lest the design should come to the ears of Lockhart the gaoler, who would infallibly prevent its execution. As to the female garb in which he was to be attired, they confessed themselves at present unprovided, but relied upon the assistance of a friend in Petty France, with whom they had occasional communication; when after giving him a few instructions, and requesting him to be quick in studying his part, they dismissed him with many thanks.

At an early hour on the following morning, Jocelyn was seated upon a bench in a lonely corner of the yard, conning over his play with all the curious eagerness of youth, when a wild, gaunt-looking Anabaptist stalked up to him, and exclaimed in a solemn voice,—“ A play-house is Tophet;—players are the devil’s imps ; and with printed plays doth Belzebub bait his hooks. Cast them from thee ; and if thou seekest that which may amuse thee without destroying thy soul, here are George Wither’s Hymns ; Quarles’s Feast for Worms, in a Poem of the History of Jonah ; and Robert Wisdom’s Translation of the Psalms. Lay them to thy heart, and flee from the wrath to come.” So saying, he deposited the books on the bench, and strode away without further colloquy.

Not less surprised at this unexpected donation than at the strange being who bestowed it, Jocelyn instantly opened one of the books, and was deeply occupied in its perusal, when he was obliged to quit his seat by the approach of a waggon bringing coals to the cellar, which was

just beyond the bench. Resuming his seat when it passed, he continued for some time immersed in reading, until he was startled by the falling of a small coal upon the page, an occurrence, however, to which he gave only a momentary attention, when he received a blow upon the hand from a larger fragment. Starting up to resent what he now considered an intentional affront, he looked round and beheld the driver of the waggon, who had placed himself so as to escape observation from others, laying his finger upon his lips, and then beckoning him to approach. This he did in no small wonderment at the meaning of so mysterious an invitation; nor was his surprize diminished when he came near, at being thus addressed in an eager whisper, — “ Master Jocelyn! master Jocelyn! don’t be alarmed; it’s I, Jack Whitaker; don’t you know me in this disguise? We have not a moment to lose; jump into the waggon, and I’ll cover you over with empty sacks. Up, up! there’s nobody near.”

So saying, and without giving him time to

deliberate, he bundled him into the cart, and in a few minutes Jocelyn found himself half-buried beneath a pile of dirty coal-sacks; while the trusty serjeant, whistling aloud to testify his unconcern, drove back his horses towards the gate. Cunningly as he had devised, and successfully as he had hitherto executed, his plot, he was so little conversant with the customs of his new calling, as to have forgotten that all shrewd and wary housekeepers, make a point of counting the empty sacks, either in person or by deputy, before they suffer the vehicle to quit their doors. It is not easy therefore to depict his alarm, or rather his vexation, for he was under every circumstance a perfect stranger to the former feeling, when after having passed the gate, he was called back by the vigilant Mr. Giles Lockhart, to execute this particularly unpleasant part of his duty. In such an emergency, not conceiving it at all necessary to boggle at a falsehood, he boldly declared that they had been reckoned already,

inside the prison, and that he would not take the trouble again to please the best man in England.

So saying, he was preparing to drive on, in spite of all impediment, when the gaoler exclaiming—"That turn shall not serve you, Sir knave!" ran after him, and seized him by the collar. A desperate struggle ensued, in which the serjeant succeeded at last in throwing off his assailant, but seeing him prepared to renew the attack, he hastily drew a rapier from under his waggoner's frock, and bade him fall back, if he had no wish to be a dead man. Just as he was about to strike one of the horses with the flat of his sword, to urge the animals forwards, he was himself felled to the earth by the athletic porter, who, coming behind, knocked him down with the butt-end of his brown bill, and then fell upon his body to secure him; while Lockhart seized the sword which had fallen from his hand, and held it pointed at his throat. At this juncture the gaoler's wife, who had wit-

nessed the whole transaction, rushed from the lodge, screaming out—"Oh, the villain! Oh, the bloodthirsty knave, to draw his sword upon an unarmed man. Kill him, Giles, kill him! cut the rascal's throat! was there ever such another rogue as this?"

Jocelyu, who had hitherto remained perdu, conjecturing from this cry that some foul violence was about to be perpetrated upon Whittaker, threw off the incumbent sacks, jumped from the cart, ran up to the spot, and seized the gaoler's uplifted arm, filling the whole party with such an utter astonishment, that they remained staring at him for a few seconds in an open-mouthed bewilderment. The wife, who was the first to find her tongue, at length exclaimed—"Well, the fathers! if it isn't the lad that's so like our poor dear Thomas! and his sweet face all besmirched with coal-dust. And they were going to steal him away under the sacks! was there every such another popish plot?"

"Take this runaway spark," said the gaoler to two of his men, who had come up on hearing the alarm; "iron his legs, and chuck him into the black-hole. I warrant we cure him of these pranks for one while to come."

Jocelyn struggled hard against the execution of this decree, but he was in the grasp of sinews ten times as powerful as his own, and was therefore obliged to content himself with crying out to Lockhart—"Harkye, sirrah; if you harm but one hair of the serjeant's head, my father shall thrust his sword down your throat, till your teeth stop it at the hilt."

"Well, he's a fine spirited little fellow, isn't he?" cried the wife, "and my poor dear Thomas would have been just such another. Don't pull and haul him so, Lucas! I'm sure he's as quiet and gentle as a lamb, and a kind-hearted little creature. I think Thomas was a thought taller: poor dear Thomas!"

Whittaker, who been stunned in the first blow, and carried into the lodge in a state

of insensibility, had no sooner recovered his senses, than the goaler, still standing over him, exclaimed, with a stern look—"Ar'n't you a precious scoundrel, and don't you think you deserve to be killed?"—"Ay, that I do," replied Whittaker sullenly, "for once saving the life of such a squinting rascal as you are."

"A likely fetch!" cried the gaoler scornfully,—"that happened on the last thirtieth of February, didn't it?"

"Weren't you one of the Duke of Newcastle's Lambs?"\* inquired Whittaker.

"Ay, to be sure I was, and what of that?"

"Nothing particular! only you may recollect your first refusing quarter at Warrington fight, and then begging me to spare your life for the sake of your boy, when just as I was helping you from under your horse, one of

\* A regiment so called from their new white woollen uniforms. In one of the desperate engagements of the Civil War, refusing to take quarter, they defended themselves till they were all cut to pieces or disabled.



your rascally Roundheads rode up, and gave me this slice upon the cheek."

"There's the scar sure enough," cried the goaler, "and cruel red it looks, though I didn't see it afore for the coal-dust."

"Ah!" cried the Serjeant, "I could swear to your squint-eye under any disguise, though it's a deal uglier than it was."

"And your name's Whittaker, isn't it?" inquired Lockhart.

"To be sure it is:—I was never ashamed of it till I saved your life."

"Why, then, the devil of any harm shall come to you, Serjeant Whittaker," cried the gaoler, "even if I am tied up to the halter for it; so you may march away scot-free for this bout, and that's turn for turn, and cry quits."

"And did my good Giles ask you to spare his life for the sake of his wife and child?" inquired Madge, looking affectionately at her husband.

"I don't recollect his saying anything about

his wife," replied Whittaker, "but I well remember his mentioning the boy."

"Then bless thee, Giles, bless thee!" cried the wife, "for thinking of him at such a moment. Ah, you were ever a kind father, and well you might be with such a dear, lovely, affectionate——" She was again recurring to the corner of her apron, which seemed to be put in instant requisition upon every reference to the lost child, when her husband called out in an authoritative tone—"Come, Madge: let us have no whimpering, but fetch me down the ivory box from the cup-board up stairs. Ar'n't there six broad pieces of mine in it?"

"Ay, and two rose-nobles of my own," replied Madge, "left me by my grandfather."

"And should you object to give the whole to the man who saved your husband's life?"

"Lord love you, no! he's as welcome to them as the flowers in May," exclaimed Madge, who was hurrying away to bring them, when the serjeant cried—"Thankye, mistress, thankye; but

I touch not a penny of your hoardings. I am a soldier, not a beggar ; my day's work has cost me nothing but a broken head, which is a soldier's pay, and the five shillings I gave to the waggoner for the use of his black frock ; so it has been a cheap frolic after all. But if you have got any ale of the right sort, ale with malt in it, I don't care if I take a toss of the pot, for this heaving of coals is but dry and dusty work."

Some double-bub Lambeth ale, which he admitted to be unexceptionable, having soon removed the injurious effects both of the black coals and of the brown bill, he arose to depart, when as he crossed the threshold the gaoler exclaimed—"Harkye, Serjeant Whittaker ! I am an old soldier as well as yourself, and must follow orders, right or wrong, against friend or foe ; so 'ware my quarters, and no more ambuscades. Cross not my lines a second time without trumpet, flag, or password, or look to the spy's wages—a running noose, and no quarter."

"All fair, all fair!" cried Whittaker, as he trudged away—"but if I had ye again at Warrington fight, the devil might pick up such a squinting Roundhead from under his horse, before *I* would."

According to the orders of the gaoler, Jocelyn had been punctually ironed and deposited in the black-hole, a most unattractive receptacle, where he passed the remainder of the day, and the whole of the following night, in great discomfort, and a proportionate bitterness of spirit. Lockhart appeared early in the morning bringing him his breakfast, and declaring that as he was but a youngster, and was moreover a gentleman's son, he might be freed from his irons and recover the range of the prison, if he would only give his parole not to make another attempt at escape.—"I will die first!" cried Jocelyn, whose proud and stubborn temperament revolted against what he considered an act of oppression and tyranny.

"Say you so, my fierce young cockerel," cried

Lockhart—"then this shall be your coop, unless you can pick the way out of it with your spurs, which are hardly sharp enough, I trow, to scratch a hole in a stone wall. What, the foul fiend! am I to give you a second chance of breaking prison? There may you bite the bridle, proud jackanapes, till you are out of the sullens, for it will be some time before I repeat the offer." At these words he locked the door of the vault, for such the place might be termed, and was departing towards the lodge, when he was intercepted by Pickering the player, who stalking up to him with his cat-o'-mountain looks and colossal stride, planted himself before him, exclaiming—"Most potent Governor and dread Bashaw, whom vulgar prisoners Giles Lockhart call, why hast thou ta'en the Jocelynian youth, and plunged him in the den Tartarean, yelept black-hole? Give us the boy, and we thy name will bless."

"Spout not your rantipole rubbish at me, Mr. Mountebank," said the gaoler angrily—"if

you mean yonder high-mettled spark, he shall lie where he is, and kick his heels till he has cooled his courage, or else my name isn't Giles Lockhart."

"Nor shalt thou thus be called," continued Pickering—"but tyrant dire, hyæna sanguinous, and monstrous Minotaur, hirsute and fell! I am the champion of the victim youth, and if thou wilt his fate by arms decide, thus do I throw my gauntlet at thy feet."

Drawing himself up at these words into a most heroic and challenging attitude, he tossed at the feet of the gaoler an old glove, or rather mitten, for the fingers had been gnawed or worn away nearly up to the knuckles.

"Begone! you mouthing Tom o' Bedlam," cried Lockhart, "or I may crack your pate worse than it is already. 'Sniggers! you swashingscarecrow! I have had many roysterers and ruffling blades afore your time, and what with the bilboes and the black-hole, the halberd and the cat-o'-nine-tails, I warrant I have tamed the

maddest. Away ! you swaggering tatterdemalion, or by the lord Harry your back shall pay the same."—The angry gaoler walked muttering off, without further noticing the wrath of the irritated player, although he shouted after him, " Barbarian brute, and cannibalian cur, hight Lockhart ! turn, and hear my dread resolve !" But the party thus discourteously invoked, had presently gained the lodge, leaving the disappointed appellant to stalk off and report to his comrade the ill success of his intercession for the deliverance of their heroine, which however he did not do, till he had picked up and pocketed the fragment of his glove.

Obstinacy of purpose, and the pride that spurns at imagined oppression, were already so ingrafted in the mind of Jocelyn, that it is difficult to say how long he might have remained an inflexible tenant of the black hole, had not Colonel Lilburne fortunately called on the succeeding morning to pay him a visit, and inquire whether he wanted any little comforts and

accommodations in the prison, in order that they might be supplied from his own house. Attached to the boy from his spirited qualities, and pleased with his noble features, he was not less surprised than hurt at the plight in which he found him, his legs secured by iron fetters, and his whole figure begrimed with the dirt and dust of the cart. On learning the particulars of his disgrace, he could not blame the gaoler, who was responsible for his safe custody ; indeed he felt rather disposed to take Jocelyn to task for refusing the easy terms offered, and had already begun to inculcate the prudence and necessity of submission, when the youth's kindling eyes, and the reddening of his cheeks, perceptible even through their sable defilement, warned him that all advice of this nature would probably be thrown away upon his fiery auditor. "Well, then," said the Colonel, turning to Lockhart, "I will become responsible for him. I will be his bail, that he shall not quit the prison without your own orders ; and I flatter myself,



that my young friend will not bring me into disgrace or trouble by violating the parole I have given for him, especially as I shall be urgent and unremitting in my exertions to procure his liberation."

He then proceeded to state, that as he had so lately obtained a discharge for his brother, the "Trouble-world," he almost feared to venture so immediate a solicitation of a second favour, but that he had procured interest to be made with Lady Claypoole, who had readily promised her assistance, and whose mediation with the Protector, in acts of lenity and grace, had never failed of success. Informing Jocelyn that he had sent a few toilet luxuries into his chamber to assist him in his ablutions, of which however he little expected to find him in such flagrant need, and recommending him to be amenable to authority since his confinement was likely to be soon terminated, he then took his departure from the prison, while Jocelyn hurried to his apartment, to commence the necessary process of abstersion.

The business of the play, which had been interrupted by this untoward occurrence, was now resumed with fresh vigour. Two or three of the Cavaliers had been permitted to take parts, and all proceeded to study them with that eager love of novelty and excitement, which is so naturally produced by the dull listless monotony of a prison life. It had been ascertained that Lockhart, the gaoler, was going in a few days to a christening at Brentford, a conjuncture too favourable to be lost; but the friends on whom reliance had been placed for the heroine's dress, declined the surreptitious introduction of any articles into the prison, as contrary to an express law, and calculated to bring them into jeopardy. In this dilemma the players turned their thoughts towards the gaoler's wife, relying less upon her kindliness of heart, often as they had experienced it, than upon the influence of Jocelyn, into whose room she had conveyed certain tid-bits and little delicacies, not so covertly as to have escaped the jealous watchfulness of his fellow-prisoners. Snatching his op-

portunity, therefore, when she had been administering some cordials to a sick inmate of the gaol, Pickering strutted up to her with Jocelyn in his hand, and apostrophized her in his usual rhodomontade style.—“O, thou of ruddy cheek! black twinkling eye, voluptuous form, and heart intenerate;—Miltonian beauty, buxom, blithe, and debonair;—whom our Lockhartian governor presumes, with tongue irreverent, to christen Madge! Before thy beauty thus we bend and bow, a boon to supplicate.”

“La, you now! Mr. Pickering,” cried the kind-hearted woman, blushing and looking silly, as she saw that he had dropped on one knee, and was gazing tenderly in her face; “well, I vow, you’re such another fine gentleman! I *should* like to go to court, if it was only to hear all the lords and ladies talking as you do. Goodness me! don’t you be kneeling there, but; tell me what you want in plain English. My beauty, indeed! La, Mr. Pickering! was there ever such a strange man?”

Jocelyn, who knew that there would be con-

siderable difficulty in getting her to understand the player's fantastical language, now interfered to explain, in as few words as possible, their contemplated project, when she ejaculated,—  
“Act a play! why lackadaisy, my dear child, it's against the law; and Giles will never allow such wicked doings in the prison.”

Informing her they proposed availing themselves of her husband's absence at Brentford, Jocelyn proceeded, with much earnestness of intreaty, to solicit her consent, concluding with a request that she would honour their poor performance with her presence. There was no resisting the temptation of seeing a play, which in those days possessed the double attraction of being a rare and a forbidden pleasure, especially when it was urged by Jocelyn, and seconded by the pathetic look and outstretched arms of the player. “I'm sure, Mr. Bickering,” said the dame, “I would do any thing in the world to oblige such a nice gentleman, but la, bless me! what could possess you to talk of my beauty at this time

o' day? Out upon it! beauty indeed!—And as to you, my dear child, if you were to ask for the heart out of my body, (though God knows there 's no occasion, for you 've got it already,) you should have it;—so you may do as you like; but for the love of gracious! don't let Giles know a single atom about it."

Having succeeded thus far, Jocelyn urged his second request, that she should provide him with suitable female apparel, declaring that the whole effect of the representation would depend upon his being appropriately attired; and that they must abandon the preject altogether if they could not succeed in this paramount object. While he had been speaking, and for some time after he had finished, she continued gazing upon him in silence, both her companions concluding that she was balancing in her mind the propriety of granting their request. But at length her eyes began to glisten and fill, her compressed lips moved two or three times up and down, and immediately afterwards the tears gushed copiously

down her cheeks, as she exclaimed, with a sob, "He would have been just thirteen next Lammas-day; my poor dear Thomas!"

When, by the assistance of her ever-moistened apron, both of whose corners were now put in requisition, she seemed to be a little recovered from her agitation, Jocelyn ventured to solicit an answer to their petition about the dress. "The dress, my dear child!" she cried, "what dress?—As I hope for mercy, I never heard a single word of what you were saying to me. You looked all the time so like my blessed—but what is it, what is it?" He repeated his previous request; and the kind creature, declaring she could refuse him nothing, promised compliance with all his wishes, though she protested she would rather lose the two rose-nobles out of her ivory box, than that Giles should know anything of the matter.

Every thing now proceeded rapidly and auspiciously towards the desiderated exhibition. Pickering became every hour more exorbitant

in his strut, and jerked, and perked, and smirked, like a peacock in all his glory ; taking a full revenge upon his present degradation, by magnificent anticipations of future glory, and comforting Rookwood with the assurance, that the hour might yet arrive when—"like Allen of the first Jacobian reign, (our buskined predecessor,) we may found Dulwichian colleges, and roll in wealth." Rookwood himself, as the rehearsals proceeded, kindled with the Promethean touch, and assumed an animation that contrasted almost ridiculously with the sluggish torpor into which he sank after their conclusion: the Cavaliers studied their parts *con amore*, if that word be not misapplied to the hatred against the Puritans, which stimulated their exertions ; and all parties were as happy as so many school-boys at the departure of their master, when they saw Lockhart booted and spurred, and ready equipped for his excursion.

No sooner was his back turned, and Lucas, the under-gaoler, installed as his representative,

than the smirking and bustling Madge sallied forth to exhibit the dress she had provided for Jocelyn, as well as to assist in the arrangements for fitting up their temporary theatre. As her husband had left word that he should not be back till night, it was settled that the entertainment should commence early in the evening, so as to give more time for the erection of their theatrical booth, which was constituted principally of the beds and bedding. All hands went briskly to work in its preparation. In the suppression of all theatrical amusements, the dramatic representatives of royalty, not less distressed and impoverished than the legitimate performers, had been fain to pawn or sell all their gingerbread regalia and cat's-skin ermine for whatever they would fetch. From the aspect of Rag-Fair, at one period, it might have been conjectured that the ruins of all the thrones and monarchies of the earth had been collected together upon Tower Hill. Every stand and stall was radiant with all the gorgeousness of



crowns, sceptres, truncheons, ermine, spangled robes, tasselled swords; tin armour bedizened with foil, gowns resplendent with tinsel, and similar paraphernalia; around which, lay scattered the innumerable knick-knack and trumpery of the property-man. Coal-heavers, chimney-sweepers, oyster-wenches, and the uncere- monious nymphs of St. Catherine's were seen collected round these glittering memorials of fallen greatness, swaggering at the beggarly materials of the finery, or bursting into a horse- laugh as some male or female wags of the party put on, in mockery, the cast garments of kings, queens, emperors and vestals. From a minor establishment of the same sort in Petty France, did Rookwood and Pickering, at the cost of a few pence, furnish themselves with habiliments of a most swashing and portentous bravery; while the gaoler's wife equipped Jocelyn from the same dépôt, with a female dress that almost stood on end with tarnished foil, discoloured tinsel, and precious stones that had never been

worth a groat. His cheeks were rouged, a topping plume of dirty feathers nodded over his head, and his whole appointment was pronounced to be not less becoming to his beauty, than exquisitely adapted to the part which he was to perform.

Every thing commenced auspiciously:—the first two scenes passed off with great *eclât*, and Jocelyn entering at the third, had just been welcomed with the plaudits due to the royal splendour of his garments, when at this interesting moment the performance was suddenly interrupted by a loud scream from Mrs. Lockhart, followed by the terrified exclamation of “Lauk a mercy me! there’s Giles! there’s Giles!”—immediately after which, she made her escape, darting through a door that led to the dwelling-house. This appalling fact was soon rendered indisputable by the wrathful voice and loud cracking of the gaoler’s whip, who having plied the caudle-cup and the gossip’s bowl of sack-posset with more zeal than discretion, and

ridden back with a correspondent speed to resume his duties, was in a state of exaltation that made him better disposed to exercise his whip than to scrutinize the objects of its discipline. "Sniggers and thunder!" he roared out as he entered the ward, "what mountebank mum-mery is this? here's doings, here's rebellion against the law! a stage-play forsooth! Some of your crazy tom-foolery, I warrant me, you ranting rascal!"—So saying, he struck at Pickering with his whip, and was pursuing him to repeat the blow, when he discovered Jocelyn, who had concealed himself behind the curtain. His rage now took a new direction, as he plied his whip upon the petticoats of his victim, exclaiming,—“Sniggers! a woman too brought into the prison! Master Lucas, you shall never hold another key of mine. Out, with a wannon to you, you baggage! trudge, you painted Jezebel! tramp, you feathered harlotry! troop, you dowdy of the stews!”

A lash of the whip, rendered, however, nearly

innocuous by the joint effects of rage and liquor, accompanied every one of these opprobrious epithets ; until, having reached the gate, he unlocked it with his own hands, and again plying his thong as Jocelyn passed the outward barrier, exclaimed, " Begone, you rantipole jade ! you hussy ! you trollope ! and think yourself lucky that you escape without the Bridewell and the cart's-tail." So saying, he returned into the prison, fuming with caudle and consternation, smacking his whip, and looking round for some fresh object on which to inflict the residue of his wrath.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"Oh whither shall I run, or which way fly  
The sight of this so horrid spectacle?"

MILTON.

HOWEVER ignominiously he was thrust from the Gate-house by its unwitting warder, Jocelyn was not by any means disposed to stand upon etiquette and ceremony, but walked forwards at a brisk pace, deeming his liberty well purchased at the expense of a few random lashes, and half a score contumelious terms, which as he advanced fell every moment fainter and fainter upon his ear. Critical as his situation still was, for he doubted not there would be immediate and hot pursuit of him, he could hardly refrain from laughter when he recalled the ridiculous blunder, to which he was indebted for

his escape. Youthful spirits, with the glorious triumph of having outwitted the gaoler, and eluded the tyranny of red-nosed Noll, might well excuse the chuckle in which he indulged as he turned towards the Park, still increasing his pace, but afraid of running lest he should excite suspicion. And yet he was not so elated at his deliverance as to be quite blinded to the embarrassing nature of his situation. So far from knowing where to turn, or what measures to adopt for his future safety, he was utterly at a loss how to accomplish that instant concealment which he felt to be necessary. Bedizened as a tragedy queen, unacquainted with the address of a single friend, and turned out for the first time in his life in the bewildering maze of London ; in constant danger of the gaoler and his myrmidons behind, and not knowing into what perils he might rush as he advanced, there was still something so stimulating in the idea of a struggle for his liberty, that he stepped lightly on, not only undismayed, but even

exhilarated by the consciousness of the jeopardy in which he was placed.

Although there was no pursuit of him from the Gate-house, where, indeed, he was not missed until the time for locking up, it is difficult to say what untoward adventures might have been immediately entailed upon him by his preposterous attire, but that the shades of evening were gathering rapidly around him, and the corner of the park, to which he first betook himself, was very little frequented. Observing a high wall at a little distance, overshadowed by trees, which seemed to offer a better chance of concealment, he coasted round it, little dreaming that it inclosed the old orchard of Whitehall, and that the house in its front formed the quarters of Colonel Lilburne, where he had been for some days confined. Even upon gaining the building, he would not, in all probability, have recognized his old dwelling, but that he saw the Colonel's Spanish charger at the door, whose manner of pawing the ground he had too often

noticed to be mistaken in its identity. Not wishing at the present moment to renew acquaintance with his rider, he turned suddenly about to regain the darker covert of the wall, but not so quickly as to escape the keen eye of an adjutant, who was waiting at the gate.—“Ha, feathers and a petticoat!” cried the soldier—“and skulking under the dark trees! then by St. Paul she shall give me the password, or pay the wench’s fine.”—So saying, he commenced an immediate pursuit, and as Jocelyn, though he heard his hasty footsteps, did not think it prudent to attempt running away, he was of course presently overtaken. “What, all alone, my fine madam!” cried the soldier—“then perhaps a poor adjutant may be better than no gallant.”

“I request you to leave me still alone—I am waiting for a friend,” said Jocelyn, willing to favour the mistake of his assailant.

“A friend, quotha!” exclaimed the soldier—“I dare say you’re too old a campaigner not to



know that a red jacket and a petticoat are always friends. Besides, we both wear a green plume in our heads, and must therefore belong to the same company; so come along to the links at the gate, and let us see whether I have drawn a prize or a blank;—caught a plump bird, or only a bundle of fine feathers.”

“Sirrah soldier,” said Jocelyn to the man, who had now seized him by the arm, and was dragging him forward in execution of his purpose,—“You had better unhand me, or Colonel Lilburne, for whom I am waiting, shall have you picketted before you are a day older.”

“Whew!” cried the adjutant, with a long whistle of admiration, and at the same time releasing the arm he had secured,—“waiting for the Colonel, are you? I needn’t be surprised, though, when I recollect he’s an Anabaptist and a preacher. But why not beat up his quarters before he decamps? Come along—come along—I will show you the side-door, and carry you to him.” Resuming the arm he had abandoned,

he was kindly offering to introduce Jocelyn into the very house which he most wished to avoid, when the latter exclaimed, "No, no, my good fellow, I have particular reasons for not desiring to enter these premises ; but prythee accept this trifle, and inform the Colonel that his friend is waiting for him under the orchard-wall." So saying, he gave him one of the gew-gaw rings with which Mrs. Lockhart had garnished his finger, when the adjutant, conjecturing he had obtained no insignificant prize, flourished his hand up to his cap as a salute, asked pardon for the liberty he had taken, declared himself humbly obliged to her ladyship for her liberality, and departed in double quick time to execute his commission.

Not knowing how promptly the Colonel might choose to obey this mysterious summons, and observing that the night had now closed in, Jocelyn thought he had better trust fairly to his heels, to deliver him from the ticklish assignation which he had so lately made. With a speed

somewhat derogatory to the dignity of his royal trappings, he accordingly scampered off in the direction of Spring Garden, then shut up by order of the Protector, on account of the licentious scenes which had been nightly enacted under the encouraging shelter of its groves and arbours, to the great scandal of all good and godly Puritans. Coasting the paling by which it was surrounded, he cut across the Park, and, almost before he was aware, found himself at the entrance of the Mulberry Garden,\* at that period, as a contemporary has recorded,—“ the onely place of refreshment about the towne, for persons of the best quality to be exceedingly cheated at.” A party of Cavaliers were at the gate, one of whom obtaining a glimpse of Jocelyn in his theatrical garb, exclaimed with Petruchio in the play, “ O ’mercy, God ! what masking stuff is here ?” and commenced an immediate chace, in which his companions joined him with an obstreperous mirth that seemed to

\* On part of whose site Buckingham House now stands.

owe its origin to deep potations of Canary. By replunging into the darkness, Jocelyn contrived to evade them without much difficulty, though he had no sooner done so, than he thought it might have been wiser to place confidence in some individual of the Cavalier party, confess his name and situation, and throw himself upon his protection for the means of immediate safety and concealment, than to wander in the Park without any definite object, and incur the risk of being committed to the House of Correction in the morning, as a vagrant or disorderly person.

While prowling about for any encouraging physiognomy that might be revealed by the passing lights to decide his choice, he was occasionally anathematised by some Puritan as an abandoned wanton, who should be rather figuring in the pillories or the stocks, than infesting the purlieus of the Park ; sometimes he was amorously accosted as a merry-looking little wench, by persons whose grave and starched ex-

terior assorted but little with their overtures ; and once he was exposed to a still more imminent peril from certain perambulators of the fair sex, who warned him not to come into their haunts with such tawdry trull's feathers and furbelows, unless the wearer wished to be tossed neck and heels into the canal. Thus exposed to the triple dangers of Scylla, Charybdis, and the Sirens ; not knowing what to seek nor what to avoid ; the night was already beginning to wear away without his having come to any determination, when he heard the sounds of singing and of laughter in a remoter part of the Park, towards which he immediately bent his footsteps.

An act of Parliament had been long before passed, setting forth that—"Whereas divers vagrant persons of idle conversation, having forsaken their usual callings, and accustomed themselves, after the manner of hawkers, to sell and cry about the streets, and in other places, pamphlets and books ; and under colour

thereof are found to disperse all sorts of dangerous libels, to the intolerable dishonour of the Parliament, and the whole government of this Commonwealth ;”—the aforesaid hawkers, or rather ballad-singers, against whom the enactment was more specially directed, were made liable to confiscation of their songs, imprisonment in the House of Correction, and whipping. Notwithstanding the severity of this decree, it had by no means extinguished those volleys of squibs and little lyrical combustibles with which the cavalier party were incessantly pelting and plaguing their opponents. A greater degree of caution was indeed rendered necessary in the exhibition of these scurrilous and ribald lampoons ; but they were still numerous, though covertly, printed ; still sung in holes and corners ; and such was the passion of the Cavies, as the Cavaliers were familiarly called, for this recreation, that they seldom failed to furnish an audience to any minstrel who would indulge them in their favourite pastime, and were generally

staunch champions in his defence, if his illicit strains were attempted to be silenced either by the red-coats, or the brown-bills. From one of these vocal offenders, who had availed himself of a dark night and a sequestered station in the Park, proceeded the sounds to which Jocelyn had been attracted. On reaching the spot, he was not a little surprised to find him surrounded by a pretty numerous audience, among whose darkest ranks he ensconced himself, and heard the singer begin a new ballad on the subject of the Protector's recent refusal of the kingly title and dignities.—

“ Oliver, Oliver, take up thy crown,  
For now thou hast made three kingdoms thine own ;  
Call thee a conclave of thy own creation  
To ride us to ruin :—who dare thee oppose,  
Whilst we thy good people are at thy devotion,  
To fall down and worship thy terrible nose ?

“ To thee and thy myrmidons, Oliver, we  
Do tender our homage as fits thy degree ;  
We'll pay the excise and the taxes, God bless us,  
With fear and contrition as penitents should,  
Whilst you, great Sir, vouchsafe to oppress us,  
Not daring so much as in private to scold.

“ Then Oliver, Oliver, get up and ride,  
Whilst lords, knights, and gentry do run by thy side ;  
The Malsters and Brewers account thee their glory :—  
Great god of the grain-tub !—compared to thee,  
All rebels of old are lost in their story,  
Till thou ploddest along to the Paddington tree.”

During the progress of this audacious attack, there had been several hisses and disapproving voices ; but as they were obviously outnumbered by the partizans of the ballad-singer, prudence had induced the dissentients to swallow down their resentment. At the commencement of the last verse, however, they had been reinforced by a holy brotherhood of Independents, returning from a three hours' sermon at Pimlico, and the whole indignant party were so horror-stricken at the last line, that they burst into a simultaneous cry of, “ Treason ! Treason ! seize the villain ! call the watchmen ! send for the constable ! away with him to prison ! ”—To the execution of these threats they proceeded with a fiery zeal ; the Cavaliers, who were seldom unprovided with rapiers, or slow to use them,



were not less prompt in the minstrel's defence; and in about three minutes there was as hot and furious a brawl, as in these less inflammable times could have been kindled in as many hours. Jocelyn, who felt little interest in the fray, which quickly assumed a menacing aspect, was about to withdraw himself from the uproar, when he was arrested by the well-known voice of Serjeant Whittaker, bawling out—"Now my brave Cavies, down with the crop-eared curs! follow me, and pepper the Roundhead rascals!"—Happening to be behind him just at this moment, Jocelyn seized him by the arm, but ere he could whisper his purpose in his ear, the veteran shook him roughly off, exclaiming—"What the foul fiend! a petticoat, and a friend to the Puritans!—Budge, or I'll pluck off your gay feathers in a twinkling. Away, we have no wenchers here."

"Nay, Serjeant Whittaker," cried the youth, "prythee let us not be parted a second time. Do you not know me? I am Jocelyn."

Instantly recognizing his voice, the serjeant grasped his recovered prize firmly by the arm, and hurrying into the black shade of a clump of trees, bade him conceal himself behind one of their trunks, promising to return and take charge of him the moment he had liberated the ballad-singer, and left the mark of his rapier upon some of the canting psalm-singers. In vain did Jocelyn implore him to leave the combatants to themselves, and escort him to some safe place of concealment. Steel could no more resist the magnet, than could Whittaker conquer the attraction of a Puritan onslaught; his sword pointed as naturally to such a field of battle as does the needle to the north, and he hurried back to the *melée* as if every moment's absence were an irremediable loss.

Abandoned once more to darkness and solitude, Jocelyn listened anxiously to the hubbub of the affray, which gradually receded to a distance, and soon became quite inaudible. After remaining some time in suspense, he had the

satisfaction of hearing Whittaker's footsteps, who came back puffing and panting, and complaining bitterly that the cuckoldy hypocrites had so soon taken flight, and so successfully dispersed themselves in the dark, that he had been too late to give them a single scratch, on which account he should feel himself bound in honour to pay them a double score the very first opportunity. He then proposed to take Jocelyn to his lodgings at the Fan and Feather, in Westminster, where they might consult together as to the best means of his conveyance to his father, whose fortunate escape he related, and whose orders he had received for carrying Jocelyn to Ostend, now that it had become impossible to leave him in London.

"Do you lodge in Westminster?" inquired Jocelyn: "not near the Gate-house, I hope."

"Not far off, Master; but they say the nearer the Church the farther from God, and I trust we may be within pistol-shot of the squinting gaoler, without your being made his prisoner

again. Mrs. Brindley, my landlady, is one of the right sort ; kisses the Cavies and spits at the Roundheads ; and she 'll have good care of you, never fear, till we can safely sing the old song of 'Down in a bottom,' on t'other side the water."

Here, however, he had completely reckoned without his hostess ; for, on arriving at the Fan and Feather, and ringing two or three times pretty lustily, its inmates, from the lateness of the hour, having retired to rest, the head of the aforesaid Mrs. Brindley was protruded from an upper window, and the sharp grey eyes within it had no sooner reconnoitred the premises, than she exclaimed in a shrill shrewish voice,—  
"Marry come up, was there ever such impudence ! surely, you deboshed old fellow, there are houses enough in London without bringing your trulls and trollopes to the Fan and Feather. Sirrah ! Sir Harry Vane has slept in this house, and Sir Barnabas Grimstone, and Colonel Massey, and Squire Capel, for I'm well known to

be an honest woman and a reputable; so you may tramp the streets with your Joan; I warrant me, she 's used to it." And thus saying, she slammed down the window with huge indignation.

"Hoity toity! what devil's in the wind now?" cried the serjeant, "Hearkee, mother Spitfire; we have no fancy for a pavement bed, so open the door, or every pane of glass in the Fan and Feather shall have a loop-hole in it." No notice being taken of this threat, he proceeded to enforce it by casting a pebble at the window, which effectually performed its office and presently occasioned it to be thrown up again, and the same head to re-appear, ejaculating in a still sharper tone,—“Villain! will you have me call the watch, to get you and your wench a night's lodging in the House of Correction? Art not ashamed? So old, and a jade-gadder! Lord ha' mercy! what 'll the world come to? begone, you rake-helly sinner, for into these doors you come not.”

“Then here goes for another smash,” said the serjeant, picking up a stone. “’Sblood ! will you hear me before I turn all your case-ments into sieves ?”—Mrs. Brindley seeming disposed to grant a parley, rather than provoke farther hostilities with an opponent who never trifled in his menaces, Whittaker found time to inform her that his companion was no woman, but a boy in disguise, who was in some danger of apprehension for being the son of a ——” (Here he figured the secret sign by which the partisans of the King made themselves known to each other ;) and concluded by stating that he might procure her a handsome reward for a few nights’ lodging.

“Hush ! hush ! you blundering blockhead,” replied Mrs. Brindley, “why in the name of wonder did you not sooner tell me ?”

“Because you would listen to nothing but your own babble, you peppery old ——. Curse it, you ’re one of the right sort, or else —— but come ; open, open, for recollect I have another

knocker in my hand."—Mrs. Brindley obeyed this command just in time to save a second pane, and Jocelyn, exhausted with the night's adventure, was no sooner safely housed than he betook himself to a truckle-bed in the garret, to which he was conducted by his new landlady, and in ten minutes fell fast asleep.

Before he would listen on the following morning to any arrangement of their future plans, Jocelyn, who had not only a high sense of honour, but a deep feeling of gratitude towards Colonel Lilburne, wrote to inform him of his escape, and to apprise him that the parole he had given was by no means forfeited, as it was merely a pledge that he should not quit the prison without the gaoler's orders. So far from having violated this engagement, he had not passed the gate until he had received his absolute commands to do so, enforced by sharp stripes and foul abuse, for all which he begged the Colonel would convey his forgiveness to the inflictor; and at the same time inform his kind friend,

Mrs. Lockhart, that the clothes with which he had been obliged to abscond, should be punctually returned to her, with a keepsake for a remembrance. In conclusion, he expressed his gratitude to the Colonel, and hoped he should some day have it in his power to prove the sincerity of his declaration.

By the assistance of Whittaker and Mrs. Brindley, the latter of whom had now become as fawning, officious and civil, as she at first seemed disposed to be froward, Jocelyn was divested of his borrowed plumes, and arrayed in a sad-coloured frock and trowsers, with a black Cordebeck hat, and a white hair-hatband, such as were at that period commonly worn by the grooms of the citizens or of the more sedate people of condition. It was intended that he should assume that character as well as garb, and that he and Whittaker should pass themselves off as fellow-servants going to visit their relations at Gravesend. A letter from Sir John had informed him that one of the King's privateers, bearing the



colours of the Commonwealth, would be stationed off the mouth of the river, to receive such Cavaliers and Royalists as were desirous of escape, on account of their implication in the late plot ; and he had been furnished with the private signal for communicating with the captain. One morning, therefore, when the tide served, just before sunrise, they betook themselves to Billingsgate, and bargaining with an old weatherbeaten boatman to convey them to Gravesend, were quickly sailing down the Thames with a favourable breeze. As the towers of Westminster Abbey caught the rays of the rising sun, Jocelyn adverted to the gloomy old Gate-house beneath them, not without a considerable elevation of spirits, at the thought that he was receding so rapidly from the scene of his first troubles, and about to be restored to his father. The morning was balmy and delicious ; the sky was cloudless ; the waves seemed to be leaping for joy as they rolled sparkling along ; the earth looked green and gay ; the

birds and the boughs, the wind and the waters, mingled their music together; Nature appeared to be smiling in her own lovely happiness, and Jocelyn, young as he was, could not help contrasting the sweet tranquillity around him with the hideous turmoil from which he had just escaped, and all the furious passions of London, with its Cavaliers and Roundheads, and the angry partizans who were incessantly flying at one another's throats. Willingly would he have had a short respite even from the very mention of their names, but this relief was denied him. Their boatman was constantly alluding to the flying Royalists, whom he qualified by no very decorous epithets, expressing great regret that although so many had been nabbed on the river, it had not been his good luck to secure more than a single one; while he never mentioned the Protector without some high-flown compliment or Scriptural illustration. If the latter were not always very felicitous, especially when he compared him to the Beast in the Revelations

to which all the kings of the earth did homage, they seemed at all events to be adduced with great sincerity and good-will.

As a justification of the last resemblance, or at least as an evidence of his Highness's great power, he stopped the boat at Northfleet, that they might admire a new ship of a thousand tons, and ninety-six brass guns, which he had lately built; particularly pointing out to their attention a huge piece of wooden sculpture in the prow. This groupe represented the Protector on horseback triumphing over and trampling under foot six different nations, who were easily recognizable by their respective habits. A winged fame held a laurel over his head, and on a scroll was inscribed the motto—"God with us!" Upon quitting this vain-glorious trophy, he favoured them with an episode touching the famous Admiral Blake, in whose ship he had not long since served, and had been present at the desperate attack in the bay of Santa Cruz, when the whole of the Spanish fleet were des-

troyed. Of this action he obliged them with a minute detail, and concluded with a description of the Admiral's burial in Westminster Abbey, at which he had been present.\* Having fairly deposited this hero under ground, he returned to the Protector, who, he affirmed, had made only two grand mistakes since he had become head pilot, and held the helm of government:—one of these state blunders was his imposing a fine of five shillings upon all watermen who used either boat, wherry, lighter or barge; on the Lord's day, and ten shillings upon their fare, even although the whole party should have been twice to church. Upon the hardship of his not being allowed to earn a sixpence, even in the intervals of divine service, he enlarged with much earnestness; and then proceeded to state that the second grand error of his government, was his forbidding the barbers to shave

\* The remains of this invincible Commander and truly great man, were taken up at the Restoration, as unworthy of the distinction with which they had been honoured.

or trim on that day, whereby many an industrious man, who happened to work late on the Saturday, was compelled to appear in church with a stubbly, unshorn muzzle.

Having brought them within sight of Gravesend by the detail of these grievances, he began to cross-question them very closely as to the names of the relations whom they were going to visit, principally addressing himself to Jocelyn, from whom he received such evasive answers, given with such evident marks of confusion, that the waterman turning to Whittaker, exclaimed,—“ Ay, ay, messmate, I see how it is; I thought so all along, for I never saw serving-man or boy, with such white and lady-like hands as my young master’s; and grooms carry not in their shirts such gay gew-gaws as yon is.” At these words he pointed to a diamond pin, a piece of finery which Jocelyn had injudiciously retained.

“ And what then?” asked the serjeant fiercely, neither liking the remark nor the sus-

picious look that accompanied it, and yet afraid of irritating a fellow who had them so completely in his power.—“What need you know of your passengers if you are sure of your fare?”

“To see whether I can’t get more money by knowing them better,” answered the waterman bluffly. “For aught I know, you may be worth a deal more to me than my fare. I got two jacobuses last night by setting one of the runaways ashore, one Sir William Clayton, I fancy ’twere, and giving him up to Lieutenant-Colonel Lambert.”

Whether true or false, this statement seemed so evidently put forward to extort a bribe, that the serjeant thought it better to purchase his good-will, than deny the truth of his suspicions, or irritate him by defiance. His bleak-looking, pinched, and crabbed countenance repelled confidence, although its hungry and sordid expression betrayed that it might be propitiated by money; and as he eyed the grim Whittaker with a kind of leering scowl, as if expecting a

bidding, he might have been well compared to Cerberus looking up to Pluto for a sop.

“And what if you were to have four jacobuses for *not* giving a man up?” inquired the serjeant, as if putting a hypothetical case.

“I shouldn’t be such an ass as to refuse them,” replied the waterman.

“Why then it ’s a bargain,” cried Whittaker, taking out the four pieces and chinking them in his hand: “These yellow-boys are your’s, if you will carry us beyond Gravesend, and put us aboard a vessel that ’s cruising off the Mouth.”

“Ay, ay,” said the waterman, fixing his eyes upon the gold, as if he would have devoured it, “I know her, and what she is; a’n’t she an armed cutter with a black and yellow streak?—it’s a bargain, it’s a bargain: the wind’s right abaft, and we shall spank through the Nore in no time!”

“But, harkye, you cheating Roundhead,” said the serjeant, taking a brace of pistols from under his cloak,—“there are two sides to the

bargain;—if you attempt any of your Puritan treachery, I will instantly blow your brains into the water, and put the jacobuses into my own pocket instead of your's. Supposing, now, that we were a couple of runaway covies, why should you help them to escape, when you profess to detest the whole party?"

"Because I love their money more than I hate them," replied the waterman, with a scowl.

"I was never false to their gold when they had any, and never refused to serve them when it was more profitable than opposing them."

"You're a conscientious scoundrel, and a proper Puritan," cried Whittaker; "so pull away, and let us get rid of your ugly Belzebub-face as quickly as we can."

The malignant grin with which the waterman received this compliment, almost justified the appellation, while he obeyed the injunction with his oar, as if quite as anxious to be separated as they could be. No more conversation passed between them, and the wind favouring their joint



wishes, they descried the vessel of which they were in search, before the close of evening. The private signal was made and answered; they ran along-side the cutter, were taken on board, and willingly gave the promised reward to the sordid companion of their voyage. His little twinkling eyes gloated at the sight; he sounded each piece two or three times, holding down his ear to catch the golden echo; felt them repeatedly with his fingers, as if delighted by the touch; and finally committing them to a leathern purse, which he carefully tied up and concealed about his person, he tacked about and steered back for the river, without casting a single look behind him.

On board the royal vessel, Jocelyn encountered a considerable number of refugees, several of whom were acquainted with his father, and congratulated him on Sir John's arrival in France, of which they had learned the particulars. Having been now cruising for several days off the mouth of the Thames, and fearing that his

purpose might altogether be defeated by discovery if he ventured on a longer delay, the captain determined to avail himself of the night and a fair wind, to steer direct for the Flemish coast. Most lucky was it, that this resolve was carried into immediate execution, for the worthy waterman running alongside a man-of-war at Sheerness, and first stipulating for his reward, gave such information to the captain as induced him to commence an instant pursuit. But he was too late to succeed in his object, the cutter of which he was in chase having safely entered the port of Ostend on the following morning, without encountering a sail of any sort.

## CHAPTER IX.

“Tie up the Libertine in a field of sweets,  
Keep his brain fuming: Epicurean cooks  
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite:  
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,  
Even till a Lethe'd dullness.—”

ON landing at the harbour of Ostend, they found an anxious crowd of English refugees upon the pier; some joyfully embracing and congratulating their friends, as they debarked, and all making eager and clamorous inquiries about their connections in England; asking for lists of those who had been apprehended; putting hurried questions about the recent public events; or huddling together around some individual who had been fortunate enough to receive a newspaper. Amid this agitated assembly,

Jocelyn presently recognized his father, whom he rushed forward to embrace; but so completely was he disguised by his menial habit, that even Sir John did not, at the first moment, know his own child. No sooner, however, had he heard his voice, than tossing in the air the hat which he had been holding up while gazing at the vessel, to shelter his eyes from the sun, and affectionately grasping his hand, he exclaimed, "Body o' me, Jocelyn, my darling boy! I'm right glad to see thee; and thee too, trusty Jack Whittaker, the staunchest dog that ever followed scent. A rousing bout will we have to-night, to celebrate your arrival; and the claret-bottles shall bleed, an't were the last broad piece in my pocket that must pay for them. Marry! there are not many left, but my sword must now be my purse; 'tis the fashion of the day; and he that cannot cut and carve his own fortune, may e'en go dine with Duke Humphrey. He was a shrewd and a good adviser that wrote the new ballad:

'Lay by your pleading, Law lies a bleeding,  
Burn down your studies, and throw away reading.  
Small power the word has, and can afford us  
Not half such privilege as the sharp sword has:  
It fosters your masters, and plasters disasters,  
And quickly makes servants more great than their  
masters ;  
It ventures, it enters ; it circles, it centers,  
And sets free a prentice in spite of indentures.'

Zooks ! boy, we 'll have a song for every bumper, and a bumper for every toast, so come along, and sing or say your whole history since I left you at Brambletye."

On arriving at his lodgings, Jocelyn recounted all his adventures to his father, who laughed, and quaffed, and chuckled, and chanted, with such an egregious glee and such persevering potations of claret, that just as he was thickly stammering out,

"Come, let us bouze a full carouse,  
While bottles tumble down, derry down,"

he suited the action to the word, rolled from his chair, and was obliged to be carried to bed by Whittaker, who was not quite so thoroughly

inebriated as his master, though the kitchen proceedings had been a pretty close parody upon those in the parlour. Such was the example which few of the Cavaliers scrupled to exhibit to their children and servants, and which, after the Restoration, became more universally practised, sanctioned, as it was, by the plea of loyal hilarity, and a legitimate abhorrence of Puritan hypocrisy and mortification.

As soon as he learnt the abortive end of the plot in England, the King had returned to his residence at Bruges, leaving the troops which were to have accompanied him, to dispose of themselves as they might think fit, since they had declined joining the Duke of York and the Spaniards in the defence of Dunkirk. These, which had been pompously announced as a supporting army, were in fact nothing more than a few irregular bands of emigrants and refugees; a sort of mounted mob, not half equipped, and less than half disciplined; receiving no pay, and too poor to supply their own deficiencies

either of arms or rations, both of which they hesitated not to procure by fraud or pillage when their credit was utterly exhausted. They were in reality little better than free-booters in a foreign country, whose inhabitants feeling no interest in their quarrel, and already sufficiently impoverished by the exactions of their own Government, and the free quartering of native troops, were by no means amicably disposed towards these bankrupt and lawless interlopers. Little discipline could be expected where the commanders, quarrelling about empty titles and precedence, refused to take orders from one another ; where many of those in the ranks, gentlemen by birth and pride, thought themselves quite equal to their officers; and where all, to the extent of their means, indulged in every species of licentious excess. Nothing, indeed, determined them from immediately disbanding, but the conviction that so long as they kept together, they were more likely to extort supplies from the peasantry, without being so much exposed to

their vengeance ; while there was an additional chance of their receiving some sort of provision from the French Government, which, since its recent treaty with Cromwell, was not a little embarrassed by their presence, and most anxious to be fairly rid of them.

Through the gipsey encampment of these motley Cavaliers was Jocelyn escorted by Sir John, who had decided on joining the King at Bruges, but stopped for one day to partake of an entertainment in the quarters of Sir Henry de Vie, an old campaigner and partisan of the royal cause. His troop drawn out in battle array, in order to do honour to his visitants, wore a mosaic and tessellated appearance, which might have enabled them to pass for Falstaff's tattered recruits, but for the indomitable gaiety and gallant bearing of the individuals that composed it, each of whom seemed laughing at the grotesqueness of his comrade's figure, while the few that were handsomely appointed sufficed to impart a picturesque air to the whole assem-



blage. The horses of every colour, size, and breed, from the ponderous charger to the light barb, were caparisoned with the same contempt of uniformity; some exhibiting the high war-saddle, housed with fur, and cushioned with velvet, with silver-mounted pistols peeping from the holsters; while others could boast nothing but a common hog-skin on their backs, with bit-bridles of untanned leather. It will easily be supposed that the armour and accoutrements of the riders were in the same inconsistent style; old Sir Henry himself being splendidly equipped in a suit of Milan steel, inlaid with brass, while others of the officers wore plain black armour, of Flemish manufacture; and the rest were fain to content themselves with simple buff, of various date and foreign fashion, most of which seemed to have already done good service, probably in the wars of the Low Countries.

Such evolutions as they attempted were at least consistent with their appointments; but after this mockery of a review had been terminated,

and the greater part of its performers, disfurnished of their heterogeneous panoplies, were seated at the jovial board, they seemed to be perfectly conversant with the various tactics of a camp carousal, and admirably qualified to go through all the manœuvres of festivity. Drinking, singing, playing, cards, dice, and games of all sorts, wound up the night, whose riotous orgies were hardly terminated, when the crowing of the cocks in the neighbouring village, and the drums of the French garrison, rolling the *reveil-matin*, announced the dawning of a new day. Jocelyn, who had retired at an early hour from the Bacchanalian scene, and had been much impressed with the appearance of Sir Henry de Vie,—as the stern-looking veteran, in his steel corselet, laid his hand upon Jocelyn's head, and hoped he would soon be able to trail a pike in the service of his King,—was not less hurt than surprised at the spectacle which his quarter presented as he passed it early next morning. A small adjoining tent had

been accidentally set on fire by some of the tipsy carousers; the sentinels had hastily struck Sir Henry's to prevent its being enveloped in the flames; the horses tethered around it, terrified at the blazing light, had broken loose and carried confusion through the little encampment; while the general himself and several of his guests, surrounded by the scattered evidences of their debauch, were lying upon straw in the deep sleep of intoxication, covered with the dismounted tent, but still exposed to the ridicule and ribaldry of such soldiers as were stirring at that early hour.

Too long accustomed to similar scenes to be much affected by them either in mind or body, Sir John turned his back upon these military revellers, and, accompanied by his son on horse-back, commenced his journey to Bruges. Whitaker had been sent back to England to look after the affairs of Brambletye House, and carry instructions to Waynfleet the secretary, respecting any remittances which he might still

be enabled to make to his exiled master. Economy had never been one of the Baronet's virtues, but until he knew what dependance could be placed upon his funds in England, which were but too likely to be sequestered, he determined to husband his slender resources, and not even hire a servant to attend upon them. Provided he could obtain his usual portion of claret, which was to be done at a moderate rate in France and Flanders, he felt not any other privation; the established flow of wine secured his customary flow of good spirits: this was sufficient for present enjoyment; and as to the future and the past, they seldom entered very deeply into his cogitations. Making therefore a virtue of necessity, he told Jocelyn that, as he was intended for a soldier, he should learn sometimes to do every thing for himself, of which he set him the first example by grooming his own horse, declaring that he had acquired more useful knowledge when serving as ostler at the Protector's Head, than in all the years that had

elapsed since he left school. The straitened and even necessitous plight of the Cavaliers they had just quitted, many of whom were not long since rolling in opulence and luxury, inculcated upon them, as he justly observed to Jocelyn, the prudence of preparing beforehand, for any extremities to which they might be reduced. In short, the worthy Baronet was in an unusual mood of high and stern morality, inflexibly resolved to dispense with all those little luxuries about which he did not care a button ; but not less unalterably determined to continue his established quantum of wine, and never to refuse an invitation to a feast or a drinking-match.

Having provided themselves with a pass from the proper authorities, and parted with their horses, now no longer necessary, the mode of travelling being principally by canal, in due time, and without any occurrence worthy of being recorded, they were set ashore under the fortifications of Bruges. While walking across the plain that extends beneath the walls, in

order to gain the principal gate, Sir John observed a knot of gentlemen, whom he presently recognised for English Cavaliers, gazing at one of their party, mounted on a beautiful Isabella barb, which he was putting through all its paces with a perfect mastery of horsemanship, and a singular gracefulness of manner. He was attired in a riding-frock of dark blue cloth, a small cloak or mantle of mazarine, buff breeches and russet boots, and a black Spanish hat and feather; he had a rapier by his side, and a cane switch, twisted with leather and silver, in his hand. From time to time he looked back, and called by name some half a score of spaniels and other dogs, that followed, panting and barking, every turning of his courser. Alighting just as Sir John came up, and his mantle falling back and discovering his star, the Baronet was induced to look more attentively in his face, when he suddenly exclaimed as he dropped upon one knee, "'Sblood!—it's the King. Down upon your knees, Jocelyn, and cry *Vive le Roi!*

—God bless your Majesty, and soon grant you your own again!—*Vive le Roi!*”

“’Ods fish!” cried the Monarch, “I ought to know your face again, man; though methinks I have never before seen you out of buff and feather. Are you not the stout Sir John Compton?”

“The same, so please you, and ever at the service of my King,” replied the Baronet.—“I wonder I should not be recollected, for your Majesty may perhaps remember that after the fight at Worcester, in fifty-one, when you ordered me to oppose the landing of Ingoldsby’s regiment, as it crossed the Severn on a bridge of boats——”

At this ill-timed reminiscence, the gracious smile which had hitherto lighted up the King’s countenance, changed into a lowering expression, as he interrupted the speaker by exclaiming, “We questioned not your loyalty, since it seems to extend to the lowest of your household: your groom may rise up from his knees.” He

pointed to Jocelyn as he spoke, who still retained the menial habit in which he had made his escape.

"My only son, Jocelyn, so please your Majesty," cried Sir John—"though he may well wear the stable boy's gear, since I myself have been lately head-hostler at an ale-house; and yet the lad was a queen last week; ay and in England too, where, (saving your Majesty's presence,) there is some danger in the character."

"A reasonable pretty jest, I doubt not," said the King; "but we have left off playing at riddles, and must understand a joke before we can relish it."

"It has been no joking matter to us, my liege," replied Sir John somewhat bluntly, and proceeded to state the adventures they had both encountered since he had been routed out of Brambletye by the rebels and Roundheads; with which and other vituperative phrases he liberally garnished his narrative.

At this relation, and more particularly at the



idea of Jocelyn's being turned out of prison neck and heels by the gaoler, the King laughed immoderately, a recreation in which he was heartily joined by the courtiers and attendants, who had now come up, and formed a listening circle around them. When he had completed his own history, Sir John, conceiving that the latest intelligence from England could not fail to be gratifying, went on to detail the precautionary measures adopted by the Usurper, mentioned the names of the latest Royalists who had been arrested, and expressed his apprehensions about their ultimate fate. But the King, who always shrunk distastefully from any tidings likely to interrupt the placid equanimity which his courtiers pronounced to be good-temper, though it was but that refined species of selfishness which determines a man not to disturb his own feelings by sympathy for others, turned suddenly upon his heel, and addressing one of his attendants, exclaimed—"Dick Fanshaw! you ought to know something of a horse, for you know no-

thing else. What say you to yonder barb; is it not a beautiful creature?"

"A delicate mare, no doubt," replied the party thus interrogated—"but no Barbary blood in her veins;—of Andalusian breed, for twenty ducats."

"And I will stake twenty more," cried the Monarch, "that the rogue of a dealer is her countryman, for he insists upon touching the Spanish before he parts with his Isabella, for which he demands a hundred and fifty pistoles; and so, Sir Stephen Fox, as I have taken a fancy to the four-legged jade, prythee take her home with thee, and ransack thy strong-box for the *Dinero*."

"Your Majesty is aware that it contains not enough to pay more than half the claims already sent in by the importunate people of Bruges," replied Sir Stephen; "and since the supplies from his Highness Prince Rupert have ceased, and Mr. Windham has declared that your Majesty's fifth of the prize-money——"

"Tilly valley, man!" interrupted the Monarch, "thou art a bad cofferer ever to keep such an empty chest, for Nature abhors not a vacuum more than I do in that quarter. I ask not you for the pistoles, Sir Richard Foster; for as keeper of my privy purse, your office is a sinecure, and I could not therefore expect you to do any thing for me. As for my Secretary and Chancellor, the two Sir Edwards,\* I see beforehand, by their looks, that they will shake their sapient heads, and counsel me not to buy the barb: wherefore, my very esteemed friend Tom Killegrew, there is no help for it, but thou the cash must lend."

"Ha! ha! ha!—good i' faith!" exclaimed Sir Thomas, with a forced laugh—"Your Majesty is fond of a joke, and this is by no means one of the worst. I have been called your Majesty's fool, but have no wish to deserve the title."

\* Sir Edward Nicholas, Secretary of State, and Sir Edward Hyde, afterwards Lord Chancellor Clarendon.

“Tom ! thou would’st any day rather laugh in thy sleeve than cry in thy pocket,” said the King. “Well then, my Lord Jermyn, since you have always kept a better table than ourself, and moreover have maintained a coach, when we had none, you will perhaps enable the King to say that his stables actually contain an Andalusian barb.”

“Most willingly, my liege,” replied the lord; “it is but to do as I do for those little comforts to which your Majesty has alluded ;—to run in debt, and keep table, horses and carriages, without a ducatoon in the doublet.”

“And as for you, Dick Harding,” resumed the Monarch, “you are, or have been, a parson——”

“And as such,” replied the person thus addressed, “am exposed to so much scandal already, that it shall never be said I led your Majesty into unnecessary expenses ; otherwise I should cheerfully——”

“Ay, so would you all, were it not for this beggarly ‘otherwise,’” exclaimed the King.

“ You see, Sir Stephen Fox, what pains I take to save my cofferer’s store, but as they speed me not, we must e’en yield to necessity ; so give the man his pistoles without further parley, and as to the roguish shopkeepers of Bruges, let them wait for their crowns, as I do for mine.”

Sir Stephen bowed, although with a regretful look, and walked away towards the gate accompanied by the horse-merchant. Thither also the King directed his steps, chatting familiarly with Sir John and Jocelyn, as well as with the companions who usually attended him ; although he seemed to be on a still more friendly footing with his dogs, repeatedly calling them back by name if they roamed to any distance, and as often stopping to fondle and caress them. In this order they entered the town, when the King, having invited Sir John and the young queen of the Gate-house, (as he termed Jocelyn,) to sup with him at his residence in the burg or great square, bade him good morning,

and walked away, followed by his train both human and canine; while the Baronet proceeded towards the Ostend gate, and took up his quarters at the Golden Eagle.

Here his first care was to equip himself and Jocelyn in a more becoming manner, preparatory to their appearance at the King's entertainment in the evening; a duty which the shortness of the time would not allow him to discharge to his entire satisfaction, although he was well aware that as his Majesty, under his present eclipse, did not himself shine with his full splendour, he could not expect his satellites to appear with their accustomed lustre. Such a general exposure of poverty as he had witnessed in the morning, prepared him for lenten entertainment, and the meagre mournful display of impoverished royalty striving to conjure up the ghost of its own departed magnificence. Though it had neither the pretensions nor the establishment of a palace, the house into which he was ushered, an ancient and roomy building,

possessed a certain air of melancholy grandeur, which it derived from the Gothic style of its architecture and the dark carved cedar of the spacious staircase. In every alternate pannel of the saloon, which was of the same wood, were inserted grim-looking portraits of the ancient Counts and Countesses of Flanders, both equally well armed with corslet, boddice and busk, and all seeming to look down with an ominous scowl of surprise at the strangers who had intruded upon their solemn haunts. Here ended the gloomy part of the picture, for as to the present inmates of this sombre apartment, nothing could exceed their gaiety of cheer, except the gallant bravery of their dress and decorations. All the better class of the exiled English, with the wives and daughters of such as had brought their families abroad, contributed to give brilliancy to the scene; and it would seem as if these loyal Cavaliers, however straitened in other respects, were determined to surround their Monarch with the

occasional royalty of a court, as some compensation for the undue forlornness of his establishment in every other respect. There were waving of plumes, rustling of silks, mingling of laughter and of happy voices, with the occasional sounds of merry music, sparkling of diamonds, wit, and beauty, and the enlivening charm thrown over the whole by the presence of a young, handsome, and accomplished monarch, who by the fascination of his manners could scarcely smile upon a female without exciting a flutter in her heart; while his known gallantry in the field, and the many misfortunes he had encountered, were calculated to awaken a feeling of chivalrous loyalty in every manly bosom. Attired in an elegant French dress, with George and garter, his fine figure appeared to the best advantage, while the spontaneous exhilaration of his spirits, which seemed to render mere existence a pleasure, diffused its sympathetic influence around him. He had a gallant compliment for some, a bon-mot for others, a bewitch-



ing smile for all. Such was the point of view in which his friends should always have contemplated him, for he was not more expressly formed, by figure and accomplishments, to grace a court, than he was utterly unfitted by his character for giving dignity to a throne.

After having jocosely introduced Sir John to some of his friends, as a pains-taking Cavalier, who was qualifying himself to become Master of the Horse, by acting the ostler in his own person, and the groom in his son's, he took Jocelyn by the hand, and declaring they were at a loss for an ex-queen, to sit opposite to the ex-king, led him into the supper-room, and placed him at the bottom of the table; a joke which was presently explained to the company, and being of royal origin, was, of course, received with an egregious applause, though it entailed no small embarrassment upon poor Jocelyn; his halth being drunk with due solemnity, and his royal title preserved during the whole entertainment. Though not sumptuous, the repast was

plentiful and elegant: the hilarity was at its height, the Champagne sparkled, the toasts were pledged, the joke went round, and the ready laugh attested that it never failed to perform its office, when a clamour was heard in the ante-room, which uniting with the angry voice of the servants, began to excite the attention of the guests. Presently an attendant entering the apartment, whispered a few words to Sir Stephen Fox, who immediately went out with him. After an interval the latter returned, spoke to Sir Edward Nicholas, and both were preparing to retire, when the King called after them, to inquire the meaning of all this mystery and mummary.

“All will be arranged in a few minutes,” said Sir Stephen, bowing.

“We will do our best to settle every thing, at least for the present,” exclaimed Sir Edward.

“’Ods fish! gentlemen, will you answer me?” cried the King, impatiently: “I asked a question.”

Sir Edward whispered a few words in his ear,

when the Monarch exclaimed aloud, "Tilley vally, man! the Mountain and the mouse! surely these matters are no secret to any of us.—Fair ladies and doughty Cavaliers," he continued, addressing the company with a smile, "be not alarmed. This is no Camisado of the enemy, no privy conspiracy or rebellion, but a simple insurrection of certain burgesses, yclept shopkeepers, or duns; the meaning of which word, I believe, it will be perfectly unnecessary to explain to any of the present company."

The uproar was, in fact, occasioned by an irruption of creditors, who, having learnt that his Majesty was about to quit Bruges next day, as he had done other places, without the ceremony of a liquidation of debts, had stormed his residence, and vociferously insisted upon instant payment.

Sir Thomas Killigrew, who had withdrawn into the ante-room, now hurried back, proclaiming with a look of great dismay, that the whole party were armed.

"Armed!" cried the King, instinctively laying his hand upon his sword.

"Yes, my liege, not like the constables, and yet each with a long bill." Killigrew was one of those chartered jesters who are privileged to say any thing, and whose boldest jokes are sure to command a laugh, of which upon the present occasion, the Monarch set the first example.—

"It is no laughing matter," resumed Sir Thomas, shaking his head, and still preserving a terrified countenance,—“for however they may be armed, your Majesty cannot deny that the sturdy rogues know how to make a charge.”

This sally was as successful as the former, but even the roar with which it was received could not drown the voice of some individual clamourer outside, who insisted upon seeing the King.

"Have I no Walworth to mace this brawler on the sconce?" cried the Monarch.

"Yes, my liege!" cried the impetuous Lord Ossory, starting up and grasping his sword, "Gentlemen, shall we suffer our sove-

reign to be bearded in his own house by these audacious varlets?" He was rushing fiercely out of the room, when the Marquess of Ormond, laying his hand upon his son's arm and stopping him, exclaimed,—“Forbear, rash boy!—as the sword is the worst of arguments, so should it be the last, even with an equal: against an inferior it should never quit the scabbard. Leave me to deal with these mistaken people.” In a few minutes after he had quitted the room, the hubbub was appeased as suddenly as it had sprung up, and the Marquess bowing to the King as he returned, informed him that the offending parties had all retired.

“Did you charm them with the wand of Prospero, that you have so soon allayed the storm?” inquired the King.

“I visited them as Jove did Danae,” replied the Peer—“a little gold and a few fair promises sent them away contented.”

“Thanks, Marquess,” cried the Monarch—

"I am ever your debtor, but the hour may come when I shall be able to repay you."

"That hour is past, my liege," said the Marquess—"for I am already repaid in the honour of my Sovereign's thanks." He bowed as he spoke, and by way of changing the subject, and renewing the interrupted hilarity of the party, called upon Dick Fanshawe for a song. The experiment succeeded, the song was applauded, and the joyous party continued their merriment as if its flow had been never broken, until at a late hour the greater part of the company retired, leaving only a set of the King's most intimate associates, and a few handsome flaunting ladies, whose less-guarded language and attire gave reason to suspect that they were not in the habit of absenting themselves from the King's lighter hours of dalliance and of licence. All restraint was now banished; the conversation assumed a less decorous tone, while in justification of the old adage, that "familiarity breeds contempt," the King himself

and his pecuniary difficulties became the subject of broad raillery, in which he was not unfrequently mentioned by his nick-names of Rowland or Rowley. Different small tables with dice and cards being now introduced, the whole party sate down to them, and heavy sums of gold were staked, won, and lost, by that very Monarch who had just suffered Lord Ormond to defray a portion of his household debts, and by those identical courtiers who had in the morning pleaded utter poverty to their Sovereign when he wanted to borrow a few pistoles. All this, however, seemed to excite neither surprise nor upbraiding in the parties themselves, men who had so long found it easier to laugh at a debt than to pay it, that they had not only learnt to distrust one another, but to treat all trades-people with contempt, as a set of impertinents born to minister to their pleasures, without their being entitled in return to the commonest observances of justice, honour, or honesty. They appeared to think that the vio-

lence with which they had been expelled from their paternal castles, halls, and bowers, justified them in levying contributions, even upon the inhabitants of a foreign country ; and that they were entitled to snatch, as they could, those enjoyments of wealth and luxury to which they had been accustomed, without being in the smallest degree scrupulous as to the means of their attainment.

Considering himself as an interloper among this more select assemblage, Sir John arose to depart, when the King, again accosting them both by their mock titles, wished them good night, requesting that the visit might be repeated at twelve next day, as he had a commission which he wished to entrust to his future Master of the Horse. Though by no means squeamish or fastidious, the Baronet could not help being a little staggered by the loose morality he had witnessed on the subject of *meum* and *tuum* ; but as his loyalty would not allow him to admit all the censure, which Jo-



celyn's unsophisticated notions induced him to express while they were walking home, he turned the conversation, alluded to the lateness of the hour, and hurried off to bed the moment they reached the Golden Eagle.

Pursuant to the orders he had received, he presented himself on the following morning, at the royal residence in the Burg, and after waiting a considerable time beyond the appointed hour, was ushered into his Majesty's dressing-closet, in one corner of which, upon a rich arm-chair of brocade and tapestry, was lying a small spaniel with a litter of puppies, and a basin of milk-porridge, which they were unmercifully scattering over the wrought flowers of silk and gold whereon it was placed. On a table beside them was cast the diamond George and garter, with rings, trinkets, miniatures, and watches, intermingled with all the apparatus of the toilette, most of which was of embossed silver. Though the King called out from an inner apartment that he would attend his Master of the Horse in a few minutes,

his Majesty still kept him waiting some time longer. At length making his appearance in an embroidered silk wrapper, the King proceeded at once to state, that he wished Sir John to carry a despatch of some consequence to his brother the Duke of York, then with the Spanish army in Flanders, who might probably entrust him with certain confidential communications in return, which it might not be safe to commit to writing. There was so much jealousy in his little court, the King observed, that if he selected one of his immediate friends for this mission, he should only offend the others, on which account he requested that the object of their present conference might be kept secret. Proceeding to state that it would be a good opportunity for giving Jocelyn a little insight into the manners of a camp, he concluded by requesting that Sir John would keep a correct account of his disbursements, which should be punctually repaid upon his return. Had this commission been entrusted to any of the parties

whose jealousy he affected to apprehend, it is probable that they would have insisted upon their expenses *before* they started; and it is by no means impossible that the knowledge of this fact was the sole inducement that led to the selection of Sir John. Be this as it may, the Baronet undertook the embassy with great cheerfulness, received his despatches and fresh passes, and, accompanied by Jocelyn, set out on his journey that same afternoon.

## CHAPTER X.

" But see, his face is black and full of blood,  
His eye-balls further out than when he lived,—  
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man.—  
It cannot be but he was murder'd here."

SHAKSPEARE.

THE formidable fortress of Dunkirk, then in possession of the Spaniards, was at this time hotly besieged by the joint forces of England and France, under the command of Turenne, who had run his trenches up to the counterscarp, and so far encroached upon the wall by mines, that he hoped in a few days to be able to make an assault upon the town. Don John of Austria, the generalissimo of the Spanish army, whereof a portion was commanded by the Duke of York, anxious to prevent the fall of this important

place, which was to be put into the hands of the English if it surrendered, and would give the already too powerful Protector the key of Flanders, and the command of the French frontier, determined to march with his whole army for the purpose of raising the siege. In execution of this purpose he was encamped at Furnes, waiting to be joined by some garrison troops, when Sir John arrived with his despatches for the Duke of York, and immediately pointed out to Jocelyn the striking difference between the encampment and aspect of a regular army, and the Tartar tents of the Cavaliers which they had so lately visited. Here were numerous out-posts, sentinels, and videttes, who stopped them to demand their pass at different stations: the camp was placed so as to be covered by a wood on one side, and a canal upon the other: the troops were disposed in two parallel lines, the cavalry upon each wing, the foot in the centre, with a body of reserve behind

them, and the baggage and artillery in the rear of the whole.

On gaining the Duke's quarters, they were informed he was gone to visit the commander-in-chief, to whose tent they were escorted by an officer. It was much larger and handsomer than the others, being canopied at top, and surmounted by the black spread-eagle, which figure was embroidered also upon the sides, while the front was adorned with the Spanish arms and facings of black fringe. Upon entering and sending in his credentials, he was immediately joined by the Duke, who received him with great courtesy; and, introducing his brother of Gloucester to Jocelyn, with a hope that they might be future companions in arms, requested Sir John to excuse his attendance for half an hour, as he was engaged in a consultation of the last moment with his Highness of Austria. Not completely closing the curtain of the inner tent, as he retired, Sir John was rendered an unintentional spectator of the conference, al-

though he could only catch an occasional word or two of the conversation, which was carried on in an earnest whisper. The parties consisted of the Duke, Don John, and two elderly officers, apparently of high rank, all equipped in half armour, with three Jesuits in the habit of their order, and a diminutive deformed figure in black, whose goggle eyes were staring intently at a large horoscope of the twelve Houses outspread before him, around which were scattered celestial globes, planispheres, tables of the stars, and other apparatus, whose purposes Sir John could not immediately decypher.

From time to time, the hump-backed personage, who seemed to be the principal operator, referred to his tables and made calculations, whose results his companions endeavoured to anticipate, by watching the expression of his countenance, as they rivetted their eyes upon it. The three Jesuits standing together, each with one hand folded in his cloak while the other held his chin, seemed to have a slight curl

of incredulity at the corner of the mouth, which scarcely consorted with the deep attention of the closely knit-brows. There was a character of awe as well as of profound attention in the young and handsome faces of the Duke and his brother commander ; while the two seniors, who sat with their chins resting upon the basket-hilt of their long swords, gazed on the thwart and dwarfish calculator with a grim earnestness. Modern commanders in chief, who have adopted the opinion of the Marquess de la Ferté, “ *que le bon Dieu est toujours du côté des gros bataillons,*” will smile with derision at being told that this was a council of war, the little hunch-back being a celebrated astrologer, who by the assistance of his hocus-pocus implements was endeavouring to compel the stars to divulge what would be the best day for attacking the enemy before Dunkirk with the most reasonable, or rather, sidereal prospects of success ! To this crooked conjuror, thus superseding the commander in chief, was entrusted the decision of



an important military operation, his sentence being as implicitly received, as if he had been at the head of an army for one half of his life, and upon the most confidential and intimate footing with the stars during the remainder.

Upon the breaking up of this egregious military council, the Duke of York rejoined Sir John, holding the despatches in his hand which he had not yet opened. He now did so, and smiling as he finished their perusal, exclaimed, —“ It was hardly worth while to send so far.”

Sir John signified his understanding, that he was to be honoured with some verbal communications, but the Duke declared that in a matter of his own private individual concern, such as that to which the King had alluded,\* he must decline admitting a confidant, however he might respect the individual. “ As to the little casket,” continued the Duke, smiling, “ which was perhaps the main object of your embassy, I hold

\* Probably his private marriage with Miss Hyde, then in agitation.

it at your disposal, whenever you return; but as we have decided on immediately attacking the enemy before Dunkirk, you may as well follow the camp, and in two or three days, I trust you will be enabled to convey such intelligence to the King, as will ensure you a welcome reception at Bruges."

To this arrangement Sir John consented, and on the following morning the army broke up at an early hour from Furnes, and marched towards Dunkirk, which they reached the same afternoon, and took post upon some sand-hills, about a mile and a half from the French and English camp. The night was spent in preparation for the next day's attack, which, according to the sapient directions of the deformed star-gazer, was not to commence before ten o'clock. To the great derangement, however, of all his plans and prognostications, the English, having taken it into their heads to become the assailants, sent forward a forlorn of musqueteers, who unceremoniously mounted the sand-hills, without waiting

for the stars and the appointed hour, and being followed by other regiments, presently brought on a general engagement. In spite of the repeated volleys of great and small shot, poured down upon them from the heights, they continued steadily advancing, and shortly coming to the charge with the butt-ends of their muskets, then the customary mode of encounter, completely broke the Spanish foot, who fled backward towards Furnes. The French cavalry at the same time defeating their horse, who were dispirited by the flight of their infantry, the rout became general; and the defeat would have been more decisive and ruinous than it was, but for the exertions of the Duke of York, whose military renown, according to the verdict of a contemporary, "was greater far, and more eminent in the glories of this day, which suffering an envious eclipse, drew greater admiration upon him; for he did not only maintain the fight till the irresistible daring gallantry of the honour-seeking red-coats made the Spaniard abandon

his punctilios, and mend his retreating pace ; but sustained the impression upon the flight, and at least saved the day." How this was accomplished, while he admits the battle to have been so utterly lost, the loyal chronicler omits to mention ; nor has history recorded what became of the astrologer, who probably saw far enough into futurity, upon this occasion, to predict that he would be treated with steel instead of the promised gold, if he again faced the Don, and accordingly carried his prophetic skill to some better market.

Intermingled with the retreating army, Sir John and his son were whirled back in the vortex, and might have been exposed to the swords of their countrymen, " the honour-seeking red-coats," but that the pursuers were fortunately recalled by a timely sortie from the garrison of Dunkirk, in which, however, the governor was killed. At Furnes, Sir John received the little casket from the Duke, and a letter for the King, detailing the particulars of the late battle, with

which he prepared to return to Bruges. Previously to his departure he had the additional mortification of learning that Dunkirk, having surrendered, was given over to the English, who had sworn the inhabitants to fealty and allegiance to the Protector; thus consummating the power and glory of that extraordinary man, and placing him at the pinnacle of his fame, only that he might offer a surer mark for the arrow of Death, who was already preparing to bend his bow against him.

Taking leave of the Duke and turning his back upon Furnes, Sir John set out on his return to Bruges with a rather heavier heart than usual. The tidings with which he was entrusted, seemed to throw forward, to an indefinite period, the long-anticipated day of the Usurper's downfall and the general restoration of the exiles; while it vexed him to be made the bearer of intelligence, which was calculated to plunge the King and his little court into despondence. At the moment of his arrival,

Charles was sitting for his portrait, but spying him through the window as he approached, gave orders for his immediate admission into the parlour. "Welcome, stout Sir John Compton," he gaily exclaimed, as the Baronet entered,—“let me make known to you Mynheer Gerhard Douw, an excellent artist, but not equal to his countryman Vandyck, whom we may well term our own painter, since he was named at Rome *il Pittore Cavalieresco*. What news, stout Sir John?”

“I have brought the casket which your Majesty commissioned me to procure.”

“Good!” continued the Monarch, eagerly breaking the seals with which it was secured,—“but what news?”

“I was not charged with any private communications,” replied the Baronet,—“and as to public events, this letter from his royal Highness will, I believe, convey to your Majesty the latest.”—

“’Ods fish, man!” interrupted the King,

“ I hate to be parried with foil and fence when I put a direct question. I ask you, for the third time, what news ?”

Thus pressed, Sir John was forced to detail the unfortunate result of the battle, and the surrender of Dunkirk, during the progress of which the King proceeded in unpacking the casket, exclaiming from time to time—“ Bad tidings, indeed, Sir John ! thou art a very raven, an owl, a messenger of ——” Having by this time opened the casket, and fixed his eyes upon the miniature within it, he remained utterly inattentive to Sir John’s statement for a few seconds, at the expiration of which he ejaculated—“ By Heaven ! she was, after all, a tempting witch and a jolly ! what say you, Mynheer ?”

He handed the portrait to the artist, who pronounced it to be the most beautiful brunette he had ever seen, but objected to a certain air of fierceness in the eyes. With this criticism he passed it to Sir John, who, from the name inscribed upon it, found that he had been sent all

the way to Dunkirk, to fetch a portrait of Lucy Barlow,\* one of the King's mistresses, whom he had long since discarded for her gross irregularities, though he was anxious to have her miniature to complete a cabinet collection which he was forming. Having replaced it in the casket, but not until he had again contemplated it with much seeming admiration, he opened the Duke of York's letter, hastily skimmed over the contents, put it in his pocket, and replacing himself in a proper attitude, exclaimed to the artist—"now Mynheer, we are fixed as fate, immoveable as a rock, patient as Griselda. Proceed!"

Adjusting his concave mirror, and gazing at his original, through a frame with many small squares of fine silk, contrivances of which he

\* Sometimes called Lucy Walter, the mother of the Duke of Monmouth. Being found in England with letters from the King upon her person, she was suspected of being one of his numerous emissaries, and was arrested; but Cromwell sent an order to the Lieutenant of the Tower for her discharge.



always availed himself in his portraits, the artist proceeded very leisurely to handle his brush, when the King asked him how long it would be before the head was finished.

“If your Majesty sits every day, I hope to complete it in a month,” replied the artist. “A month!” ejaculated the impatient and mercurial Monarch—“’Ods fish, man! it is more than my head is worth, so you may e’en paint the rest from memory or imagination.” At these words she started from the chair, and ran out of the room, calling to Sir John to follow him, as the mail was arrived, which might bring him better news; and left the astounded artist staring at the doorway through which he had vanished. His first astonishment being, however, dissipated by a pinch of snuff, he took the royal advice, carried the canvass home, and in rather more than a month, completed from memory a very successful portrait.

“Where are these letters?” cried the King, as he entered the drawing-room, in which there

was a considerable assemblage of Cavaliers;—  
“Stout Sir John, will you cudgel my varlets, (since you have a weighty arm and willing), for not sending them up to me?” Retiring to the groom-porter’s room for the purpose of making the necessary inquiries, Sir John discovered that the letters were still lying at the office, because the attendants had not a single stiver in hand, and none of them would be fool-hardy enough to advance the postage. This degrading difficulty being removed at the Baronet’s expense, he carried the redeemed packet up stairs, and placed it in the King’s hand. After looking at the signature to some of the letters he threw them aside without reading; at others he slightly glanced, and handed them over to his secretary; but at length he encountered one, at whose perusal his countenance underwent a sudden and portentous transformation. His naturally adust complexion, became of a glowing red, his eyes sparkled, he bit his nether lip till the blood started, and the incipient lines

in his face, which afterwards deepened into strong furrows, were rendered more than usually visible by the tension of his muscles, as he vehemently exclaimed,—“Infernal villain!—Infamous traitor!”—He half-drew his sword, and looked fiercely round upon the company, but not finding the object of his wrath, and observing that the party were all aghast at his unprecedented emotion, he tossed the letter upon the table, saying,—“There, gentlemen! see how we are betrayed by some of our own household, and how basely the brave Colonel Penruddock and his friends have been murdered!—O that I were not prohibited by my rank from avenging my own quarrels!”—At these words he returned his sword into its scabbard, with a loud snap, and sate down, looking sternly around him.

Nothing but the unexpected detection of an offence, which so deeply wounded his pride and dignity as to become a personal insult, could have thus disturbed the King, who was sensitive enough to his own wrongs, though he bore those

of others with such a happy equanimity. The letter, in fact, stated, that one Captain Manning, who was employed in a place of trust about his person, had been expressly deputed to solicit the office he held by the Protector, whose spy he had long been ;—that he corresponded regularly with Thurloe, Cromwell's secretary, and had given the information that led to the discovery and execution of Penruddock and his loyal associates ;—and, finally, that all the plans and proceedings of the exiled Court were punctually transmitted by him to the Protectorial Government.—Numerous particulars were stated to confirm these allegations, for whose final proof the King was recommended to search the traitor's *escrutoire*, where the key to the cypher he used, and copies of his correspondence, would in all probability be found. Not less indignant at this foul treason than their Sovereign himself, the assembled Cavaliers, drawing their swords, rushed tumultuously to the culprit's apartment, and finding it locked, clashed fu-

riously against it with their weapons, calling clamorously upon the caitiff to come forth and receive the reward of his treachery. Having learned the cause of the uproar, the Marquess of Ormond hastened to the spot, exclaiming as he approached,—“Nay, gentlemen, gentlemen, put up your swords: let us have no bloodshed or murder in the King’s dwelling. I have stationed servants beneath his window, others will presently be here with tools to force open his door, so that he cannot escape. If guilty, as he seems to be, the villain shall be punished; but not by us. We are gentlemen and Cavaliers, not gaolers or executioners, and, still less assassins.”

At these words the assemblage fell back, some of them sheathing their swords, and made way for two servants with implements for forcing open the door. This they presently effected, when it was ascertained that the object of their search had employed the intermediate time in destroying some papers, and chewing

or swallowing others; but enough remained to afford abundant proof that the charges against him were well-founded, even if there had not been a manifest confession of guilt in his aghast and self-betraying looks. Refusing with a sullen obstinacy to answer any questions, he was roughly searched, securely pinioned, and dragged away to a place of safe custody; followed by the anathemas and maledictions of the whole infuriated party.

On a more strict examination of his chamber, there were found concealed in the pannels several additional confirmations of his treason, particularly a letter from Thurloe, promising him a lucrative appointment in London, if any suspicions should attach to him, and occasion his dismissal from the King's service. This he had probably preserved as a voucher of his claims upon Cromwell, though it now became an irrefragable proof of perfidy, which was likely to entail upon him a reward of a very different nature. Clear, however, as was his guilt, the mode of punishing

it was not equally manifest. Most of the Cavaliers were for putting him immediately to death, as the warranted doom of a convicted spy and traitor; but the more considerate of the King's counsellors submitted that he was not, and could not be, legally convicted, since there was no jurisdiction by which he could be tried; that he was in a civil office, and consequently not subject to military law, even had they been in camp or in the field: and as to violence of any sort, they observed that the royal partisans were already liable to too many imputations of lawless and summary inflictions. As the tribunals of the country could not take cognizance of his offence, and his continued imprisonment in the royal residence would be hazardous and troublesome, they suggested that he should be immured in some of the strong holds belonging to the King's friend, the Duke of Nieuburg, until circumstances should enable his Majesty to bring him to justice.

This advice prevailed; upon application to the Duke he gave orders for his admission into

a lonely impregnable castle on the banks of the Rhine; a strong party of Cavaliers volunteered the service of escorting him to his prison; and Sir John having resolved on placing Jocelyn at Paris to complete his education, loyally determined to accompany the party to its place of destination, and proceed by that circuitous route to the French capital. This intention he communicated to the King, in the hope that he would recruit his wasted finances, by repaying the expenses incurred in his embassy for Lucy Barlow's picture; but his Majesty contented himself with wishing him a pleasant journey, having apparently followed his established custom with respect to the pecuniary claim, by making a memorandum to forget it.

In a few days, a stout party of Cavaliers and several servants, all well armed, set out with their prisoner, who was manacled and secured to the carriage in which he rode, whence he was never suffered to alight, unless accompanied by two of his guards. Thus the cavalcade ad-



vanced, exciting considerable observation in the country through which it passed, by the caution with which the captive was guarded, the unknown nature of his offence, and the strange yet gallant appearance of the little band that formed his escort. At length they reached the castle to which he was to be committed, forming the battlemented pinnacle of a high, rugged, and precipitous rock that overhung the Rhine, in the neighbourhood of Cologne. Squalid and haggard as was the character of this mountainous cliff, whose successive ledges and shelves gave nourishment to nothing but a few stunted firs, that shot athwart it here and there, or clung to the scanty soil in fantastic and grotesque directions, the scenery around it was singularly luxurious and picturesque. Crowned with the parapets and circular pointed towers of the castle, from the loftiest of which a flag was flouting the sky, the rocky mass reared itself gauntly up in the air, like some colossal figure of the turreted Cybele weeping for the loss of

Atys, in the midst of the laughing plains of Phrygia.

Not deeming it necessary for the whole party to toil up the steep acclivity which formed the approach to the castle, Sir John quitted his companions, and took Jocelyn to a little distance, where there was a slight eminence which promised to afford them a favourable view of the beautiful landscape that surrounded them. Some of the steep banks, which in this part shelved rapidly down to the river, were planted with vines, others were tufted with variegated flowering shrubs, underwood, and trees; every slope was richly coloured with vegetation, except the causeway beneath the rock; this was strewn with huge naked fragments detached from the cliffs above, some of which had rolled into the river and formed little craggy islands, around whose base the rapid waters were flashing and brawling. Every projecting height of the river's upward course was surmounted by some ancient castle or embowered convent;

the walls, towers and churches of Cologne glittered at a little distance before them; beyond were the fertile plains of Cleves; behind them was the rich champain of Juliers, and the whole landscape was lighted up and enlivened by a cloudless summer's sun.

After having for some time admired this magnificent prospect, they turned their eyes towards the rock, amusing themselves with watching the slow progress of their party, as they climbed painfully up the steep ascent. The road being cut in a zig-zag direction, and part of it scooped through the solid rock, the cavalcade was occasionally lost, as if it were entering the bowels of the earth, from which, however, it again emerged, after a while, upon a higher point, hanging, apparently, upon the extreme verge of the precipice. But the Cavaliers themselves seemed to pursue their march without apprehension: their feathers waved gallantly in the wind; their arms glittered in the sun; and occasionally the neighing of their steeds was

wafted down upon the breeze. As the carriage was stayed for a few minutes to relieve the horses, the captive was seen to put out his head and look upwards, as if to ascertain the nature of the prison in which he was to be immured; nor could Jocelyn, with all his abhorrence of his offence, suppress a feeling of sympathetic commiseration, as he saw the wretched man again drawn forward towards his solitary dungeon. The road now becoming impracticable for carriages, he was obliged to alight, that he might prosecute the remainder of the way on foot; when two or three Cavaliers advanced to a salient crag, and waved their hats to Sir John and his son below, who stood up and returned the salute. Renewing their march, they were now seen to pass beneath the arches of two fortified outworks, and at last the whole party gained the narrow parapet at the summit, which fronted the principal entrance to the castle, and around which the

rock had been perpendicularly scarped. The massive gates were thrown open, when just as Sir John and his son expected to see the procession enter, they saw the flash of a pistol, whose report they almost instantly heard, followed by a dismal shriek. At the same moment the miserable captive, lifting up his manacled hands in the air, was seen to stagger backwards to the edge of the parapet, over whose precipice he fell, and rolling headlong down the shelving projection at its base, was dashed and tossed from crag to crag, until he fell with an appalling splash into the river below. In a few seconds his mangled remains were whirled along before the eyes of Sir John and Jocelyn, the furious waters seeming to be in fierce pursuit of the prey, with whose blood they were already discoloured. A cry of horror burst from Jocelyn at the sight, and even his father, better used to scenes of death, and little disposed to pity the fate of a traitor and a friend to the Round-

heads, could not help being affected by such an awful and unexpected catastrophe.\*

Riding up to the foot of the rock, and wait-

\* The editor of Evelyn's *Memoirs*, in a note to Vol. II. p. 157, refers to a scarce Tract, in the British Museum, which gives the following account of this occurrence.—“Before his Majesty's departure from Colen, there happened a discovery of one of those persons, who, under pretence of waiting upon him, (Captain Manning, by name,) discovered unto the Protector all his designs and counsels; who being found out, was, by his Majesty's command, sent to a strong castle adjacent to Colen, there to be kept a close prisoner. But all the Court being highly incensed against him for his perfidiousnesse, one of his Majesty's servants, (though contrary to order) pistoled him, as he was lighting out of the coach at the castle-gate, giving him less than the due reward of his so abominable treachery.”

The present writer has consulted this Tract, which appears to have been presented to the British Museum by George III. and bears the following title:—“The History of His Sacred Majesty Charles II. King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. Begun from the murder of his royal Father of Happy Memory, and continued to this present year 1660. By a person of Quality. London, 12mo; printed for Thos. Davies.” It throws no additional light upon the transaction in question, but has furnished him with several details, of which he has availed himself elsewhere.

HEATH, who published his *Chronicle* after the Re-

ing the return of the Cavaliers, he inquired for the author and the cause of Manning's death ; but they had not ascertained by whom or by what orders the pistol had been fired ; a point, indeed, which they hardly seemed to think worth the trouble of investigation, all parties agreeing that it was the most desirable consummation that could possibly have happened. Dead men, they reminded him, tell no tales ; Thurloe would see no more of his hand-writing ; and they heartily wished that they had red-nosed Noll at the same issue, that they might send him to

storage, expressly says, in his notice of this occurrence: " At the instance of the whole Court, the King was prevailed upon to let him be shot in one of the castles of the Duke of Newburgh, (to terrifie all other faithless and disloyal servants, and to satisfie for some of that blood Cromwell had spilt upon the score of his perfidy,) where he wretchedly and most abjectly died." Part 3, p. 368.

Charles the Second's Aunt, the Queen of Bohemia, writing to Sir Edward Nicholas, from the Hague, says, " I understand that that arch villaine Manning has re- ceaued his iust desert. I wish all those of his cabal with him."

cut similar capers through the air. With these expressions, and a few unfeeling jokes upon the fate of Manning, not worth the trouble of recording, the Cavaliers set out on their return to Bruges, leaving Sir John and Jocelyn to prosecute their journey to Paris.

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